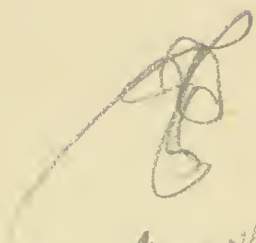


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HUBERT HERVEY

"Only believe in your idea, and it will carry you through every difficulty. If you live, you will do great things; if you die—well! how can you die better? and your idea will not die."—HUBERT HERVEY.



Hubert J. A. Hewy

HUBERT HERVEY
STUDENT AND IMPERIALIST

A MEMOIR

BY

EARL GREY

LATE ADMINISTRATOR OF RHODESIA

"It is a grand thing to die for the expansion of the Empire"

HUBERT HERVEY

LONDON
EDWARD ARNOLD

Publisher to the India Office

1899

TO
THE CIVIL SERVANTS OF RHODESIA

THIS SHORT MEMOIR OF ONE WHO
SERVED HIS COUNTRY IN THEIR RANKS

IS DEDICATED
WITH GRATITUDE AND RESPECT

PREFACE

MY knowledge of Hubert Hervey during the last few years of his short career, when he was serving the British South Africa Chartered Company, first in their London offices, and subsequently in responsible administrative posts in Rhodesia, led me to regard him as one of the most chivalrous and high-minded men it has been my privilege to meet; and I have readily responded to a request made to me by his sister, on the suggestion of many of his friends, to write this short memoir. The deep sympathy I felt for Miss Hervey in the sudden termination of one of the most inspiring relationships that ever bound brother and sister together also made it difficult for me to refuse a task which I was aware it was not easy to perform in a manner worthy of the memory of Hubert Hervey, or satisfactory to his family.

When the memoir, which originally was intended for private circulation only, was nearing comple-

tion, it was represented to me that the story of Hervey's life might prove an encouragement to others; and, in deference to this suggestion, I have given my consent to its publication. It contains, on the one hand, much which might with advantage be eliminated from a memoir intended for the public; on the other hand, it presents many deficiencies, which his friends will easily fill up from their recollections. For such was the wealth of Hervey's individuality, that he left to all who were acquainted with him an abundant store of memories—varied, original, and characteristic.

But the attraction of his personality was rooted in the yet deeper strata of great principles and high ideals.

And it is with the desire that this brief record may in some degree perpetuate the memory of an Englishman, whose inspiring example has been too soon removed from our midst, that I place these pages before the public.

GREY.

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CIVIS BRITANNICUS SUM
HUBERT JOHN ANTONY HERVEY

BORN MAY 19TH 1859

YOUNGEST SON OF LORD ALFRED HERVEY
EDUCATED AT ETON & AT TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE
LIEUTENANT IN THE RHODESIA HORSE
DIED OF WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION
IN THE MATOPPO HILLS MATABELELAND

AUGUST 6TH 1896

SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE

HUBERT HERVEY

CHAPTER I

ETON AND CAMBRIDGE

(1859—1881)

THERE is a tendency, in the present day, which exhibits itself in literature, in conversation, and even in thought, to assume that those finer feelings which were once regarded as the heritage of our race are becoming extinct, or, at most, are kept alive by sordid motives. Chivalry is dubbed Quixotism; honour is sneered at as sentimentality; and patriotism is too often attributed to a mere desire for personal aggrandizement.

Nevertheless, at home and abroad, we daily receive proofs that there still exist, in every part of our vast empire, men who are inspired by those sentiments and ambitions which have contributed to make England what she is, and without which no nation can become or can remain great.

From time to time, there rises up a life in which these nobler instincts seem gathered together and, as it were, typified. The ideal which appeared remote or unpractical is made real to us by a living example. The mean and the transitory fade away, and those larger issues of our national existence, which may be obscured but cannot be obliterated, resume their true proportions in the presence of a life devoted to their service.

Hubert John Antony Hervey was a man of this type. Born on May 19, 1859, at 47, Eaton Place, he was the youngest son of Lord and Lady Alfred Hervey; grandson of Frederick William, first Marquess of Bristol; great-grandson of the clever but eccentric Bishop of Derry (Lord Bristol); and great-great-grandson of John Lord Hervey, the memoir-writer.

From his mother's side he inherited military proclivities. His grandfather, General Chester of the Horse Artillery, served in the Peninsular War; his uncle, Colonel St. Leger (then Chester), was dangerously wounded at Sobraon in the Sikh War of 1846¹.

The earliest years of Hubert Hervey's childhood

¹ Mr. Charles Chester, grandfather of Lady Alfred Hervey, was the second son of Sir Walter Wagstaffe Bagot, and brother of the

were spent in Ireland, at Castle Upton, the home of his father's cousin, Lord Templetown.

In 1864, one of Hubert's elder brothers, a boy of brilliant promise, who had passed into the Navy at the head of all competitors, died of fever in his sixteenth year whilst serving on the Mediterranean station.

A year and a half later, Lord Alfred Hervey, having lost his seat in Parliament in the General Election of 1865, decided to abandon politics and to spend some time abroad¹. In the spring of 1866 he took his family to France, paying periodical visits to England for his waitings on the Prince of Wales, or as other occasions required.

During their stay in France, Lord and Lady Alfred Hervey travelled with their two youngest

first Lord Bagot. Mr. Charles Chester changed his name from Bagot to Chester on inheriting the estate of Chicheley, Bucks.

¹ Lord Alfred Hervey represented in Parliament the borough of Brighton from 1841 to 1857. He was a member of Lord Aberdeen's Government, holding under it the offices of a Lord of the Treasury and Keeper of the Privy Seal of the Duchy of Cornwall. From 1859 to 1865 he sat in Parliament for the borough of Bury St. Edmunds. In 1852, on the formation of the Prince of Wales' household, he was appointed a Lord of the Bedchamber, resigning this office in 1871, on being appointed by Mr. Gladstone, whom he had steadily supported while in Parliament, Receiver-General of Inland Revenue. Lord Alfred Hervey died in April, 1875.

children, Hubert and his sister Mary, in a light covered waggonette driven by Lord Alfred, through Brittany and Normandy; then down the west of France by Angers, Saumur, Bordeaux and Bayonne to Biarritz, where they wintered; passing the early half of 1867 in the Pyrenees at Bagnères-de-Bigorre, the winter again at Biarritz, and returning to England in the spring of 1868.

Although only eight years old, and at this time small for his age, Hubert, who had fine, silky, golden hair and a brilliant complexion, was remarkable for his intelligent and serious appreciation of the architectural beauties of the churches he visited; for his passionate love of wild flowers, and his lynx-eyed detection of new specimens; and also for a certain sedateness of manner, which gave peculiar distinction to his little personality. Beneath this sedateness there was, however, a deep though carefully subdued enthusiasm. A spectator, of whom he was unconscious, recollects to this day the rapt gaze with which he stood before the statue of the Chevalier Bayard, when passing through Paris early in 1868. He was then in his ninth year.

In January, 1870, Hubert was placed at Mr. Darch's preparatory school at Brighton; and in

September, 1871, he went to Eton to Mr. Luxmoore's house. A quick and continual succession of new faces naturally tends to dull a tutor's recollection of old pupils, but so marked was the individuality of young Hervey, that Mr. Luxmoore writes of him to-day, at a distance of over twenty-five years, as if he were still at Eton.

‘Hubert Hervey came to me in September, 1871; he was then twelve years and a few months old, and would be by a year and a half younger than most of our boys at entrance. . . . His room was the third from that in which I am now writing, and I can see him quite plainly, and hear the tones of his voice. He was small and delicate-looking when he came, and very attractive, partly for that reason. You would know at once that he had ability and a refined nature. He was fair and light in colour, with rather bright hair; he spoke with a soft voice in rather a finished manner. He had humour and something I might call “style” or distinction. He had intelligent interests too, and read more than other boys, not spending perhaps more time on books, but reading better literature than they. He was placed at starting in Upper Middle Fourth, which was for his age good, and was even further improved by

a double remove, so that he was in Remove before he was thirteen, and by fifteen and a half he was in Upper Fifth.

‘He was certainly a boy of promise, and I can recollect building many hopes on him and wishing to do my very best for him. . . . Whatever drawbacks there were, they never to my knowledge harmed Hubert. He was a good and high-minded boy, who seemed, I think, to carry his own atmosphere with him. He may have distinguished himself less in games than might have been the case in maturer surroundings, or he may have been less concentrated on his work; but his name comes in the list of those “sent up for good,” and his place in the school, and some of his “collection” lists still preserved, show him among the foremost in all his subjects. He worked well, and he played with interest if not with distinction, and he always had the character of a good and able boy, with remarkable critical faculty, while not without facility in original production. This critical faculty was combined with humour, and his rather finished grace of style made his talk ready and his answers pointed. He was tenacious of his opinions, and I can recollect once or twice being a little disappointed at not finding him more

willing to adopt my view. The disappointment was not from his fault but from my strong wish to be friends with, and to make the most of, the few really promising boys that I then had.

‘He was specially good at French. In 1872 he got the Junior Prince Consort’s Prize, being in the same half “sent up” by so good a judge as Mr. Thackeray; while in 1874 he was, when little over fifteen years of age, in the Senior Prince Consort’s Prize List, bracketed second with Lord Curzon, the present Viceroy of India.

‘It was at the end of 1874 that he left. I remember the announcement of this arrangement was one of my great disappointments. Had he stayed at Eton, he would have gained considerable distinction. I had built hopes on him; he was doing well, and I very much doubted whether any better training would be found for him. For Woolwich, of course, German had to be mastered; and it was thought good to combine that with other things by carrying on his classical work through the medium of German; but to me the Army then did not seem his most suitable career. I had looked on him as better suited to civil employment: partly from the slightness of his frame, and a certain want of robustness; partly

from his literary promise and intelligence. I had not recognised the more spirited qualities which his after-history showed that he possessed. I have seen a note of my own written to his father in that year, and am even now glad . . . to see with what . . . unqualified praise I was able to speak of him.'

Mr. Luxmoore quotes, as the solitary scrape in which Hervey was involved at Eton, an incident which reveals his boyish audacity and humour. 'It was on November 5, and an edict had been specially issued against boys letting off fireworks. In the course of the evening a squib issued from a window in my house, and the law took its course.' Hubert justified his conduct on the ground that he did not wish to leave Eton without completing the round of his experience!

He left Eton, to Mr. Luxmoore's great regret, at the end of 1874, and went to Dresden. After six months' study with a tutor he had mastered German so thoroughly as to enable him to enter the Neustadt Gymnasium.

Shortly after he arrived at Dresden, he discovered that the tutor with whom he had been placed was given to habits of drinking. Greatly distressed at this discovery, he solemnly told his tutor that,

unless he mended his ways, he should be obliged to part company with him. The tutor improved for a short time, but, breaking out again, he was promptly dismissed by young Hervey, who wrote home to his parents to tell them what he had done. At Dresden he worked hard for over a year, with longer hours and less exercise than he had been accustomed to; but he held his own against German boys of the same age, doing all his work in German, and acquiring a reputation for unusual capacity and finished scholarship.

While at Dresden his father died, and his mother, influenced by the marked aptitude Hubert had shown for scholarship, as much as by the desire to keep him near her, decided to substitute a University career for the plan of sending him into the army.

Accordingly, he returned to England, and was for some time with a private tutor, the Rev. John Bond¹, in Lincolnshire, before going to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1877.

His most intimate friend at this time was Mr. Robert J. Parker², whose acquaintance, begun

¹ Now Archdeacon of Stow, in the diocese of Lincoln.

² Now a rising barrister, son of the late Rev. Richard Parker, Vicar of Clanby, Lincolnshire.

in Dresden, had been continued in Lincolnshire, where the Parker family were neighbours of the tutor, Mr. Bond, with whom Hervey was reading. Mr. Parker writes of these days:—

‘It was while in Dresden that I first really got to know Hubert. After he left Germany, he went to a tutor in the Lincolnshire Marsh. We lived about eight miles away, at Clanby, near Alford; and Hubert used to come over, and frequently stayed with us in vacation time. He was very fond of my father, and drove with him about the country, discussing Church politics and disestablishment. He was always a welcome guest, and fell at once into our family habits, including that of arguing on every conceivable subject. . . .

‘I don’t remember that Hubert ever spoke at the Union [at Cambridge], but he was often there. His eyes gave him serious trouble while he was at Cambridge, which much impeded his work, though probably he got as much good from taking more part in the social life of the place as he would have done had he been able to devote more time to reading.

‘. . . Gerald Balfour was a good deal senior to either of us. He was in our time a lecturer; and Hubert and I both attended his lectures on

the early Greek philosophers, though not, I think, the same course. I remember we both also attended Dr. Jackson's lectures on the same subject, and were much interested in comparing the methods of the two men. . . .'

Speaking of Hervey's Cambridge friends, Mr. Parker continues: 'He knew J. K. Stephen¹ and John Mansfield² very well. He was also intimate with Sir Laurence Jones³, Reginald St. John Parry (now a tutor and dean of Trinity College), and the late Professor Goodhart of Edinburgh. All these, except J. K. Stephen, were of Trinity College; Stephen was a King's man. Hubert also knew Karl Pearson of King's⁴. We used to meet in the rooms of Professor Protheroe, of Bradshaw, the late University Librarian, and J. E. Nixon, all Fellows of King's.'

Other Cambridge friends were Atherton Byrom, Frere, Macnamara, and Reade⁵.

¹ The brilliant son of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. Mr. J. K. Stephen, the author of *Lapsus Calami*, died Feb. 3, 1892.

² The Hon. John Mansfield, brother of Lord Sandhurst, Governor of Bombay.

³ Sir Laurence Jones, Bart., of Cranmer Hall, Norfolk.

⁴ Now Professor of Applied Mathematics at University College, London; author of *The Ethics of Free Thought*, *The Chances of Death*, and other essays.

⁵ The two last-named died but a very few years later: Macnamara in an accident on the Alps, Reade from heart disease.

The boy who at Eton had impressed even his elders with the distinction of his personality, carrying as it seemed his 'own atmosphere' with him, was not less remarkable at Cambridge for that originality of mind and character which belongs to his race, and gave rise to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's famous division of the human species into men, women, and Herveys.

One illustration is sufficient to show his almost Quixotic sense of honour.

Just before the examination was held for a Trinity Scholarship, young Hervey, whose success was anticipated as certain, suddenly left Cambridge, and only returned when the examination was concluded. His disappearance on the eve of the examination caused the greatest astonishment in high quarters. Mr. Munro, the well-known editor of *Lucretius*, on meeting Hubert's eldest brother, the Rev. F. A. J. Hervey¹, who happened to be in Cambridge, rushed excitedly across the street, exclaiming, 'What in the world can have induced your brother to leave Cambridge just as that examination was coming on? It was a dead certainty for him. There was not another man in, who could approach him.'

¹ Rector of Sandringham and Canon of Norwich.

On being pressed for an explanation of his conduct, Hubert admitted that some friend had given him some trifling information, intending it to be of use to him in the examination. Imagining this might give him an unfair advantage over his rivals, his chivalrous sense of honour forbade him to compete, and he quietly went away. No wonder that Mr. Oscar Browning, who was a lecturer at King's during Hervey's residence at Cambridge, writes of him that his chief characteristics were directness, straightforwardness, and uprightness of character, coupled with a moral courage which never flinched, and that his personality was one which was not easily forgotten by those who knew him. In the opinion of Mr. Oscar Browning, Hervey's knowledge of modern languages, his clear business habits, and his unfailing courtesy qualified him in an exceptional degree for posts of high responsibility and importance.

At one time Hervey hesitated whether to read for the History Tripos or the Classical. He had always taken a deep interest in history; but he chose the weightier task and determined to seek Honours in Classics. The eye-trouble, however, which had originated in the close work of the Dresden Gymnasium, now seriously interfered

with his studies. The inflammatory tendency troubled him increasingly; and during the greater part of his residence at Cambridge, including all the latter terms, he could only work by being read aloud to. The burden of reading only by proxy, and the strain that the break-down of his sight entailed on his whole nervous system, told seriously on his health. For a time his eyes were so troublesome that he had to abandon all study and go abroad with his mother and sister. But, with characteristic courage, he determined to persist to the end; and obtained a Second Class in the Classical Tripos of 1881. That he should have been able, working under these serious disadvantages, to obtain so good a degree, illustrates alike his ability and his perseverance.

His early letters have not, of course, the maturity of later ones, but are interesting illustrations of his thoughts and occupations at nineteen years of age.

WHISTON, *Sept.* 8, 1878.

‘. . . I have been doing but little reading,’ he writes to Robert J. Parker; ‘the only thing I have read being the *Lehrjahre*, which I have just finished, and begun the *Wanderjahre*. My impression of

the former, as far as it is formed at all, is that it is a story with total absence of art, but with some well-drawn characters and some very fine passages in it. The last especially I like . . . and I am not at all disappointed with it on the whole: on the contrary I have learnt an immense deal. The "Bekenntnisse einer schönen Seele" is perhaps the finest thing in the book . . . I can't say I admire Wilhelm, he seems a weak fickle sort of creature, perhaps a little like Rousseau, only not so bad. The "Leitmotiv" seems to have some connexion with Faust; Faust-Wilhelm, Werner-Wagner, the moral in each being "Bildung" and "Thätigkeit" and experience from life. Of course as the book is written for instruction, the want of art is pardonable. But the book gives one the impression of a disconnected whole, and one's interest is drawn first to one side and then to another; first being fixed on Wilhelm, and then one gets so interested in Lothario that one almost forgets the hero. The introduction, too, of "Bekenntnisse einer schönen Seele," though splendid in itself, destroys the continuity of the story, and takes away one's interest from the main points. It is curious that Goethe, with all his love of art, should so often have been deficient in it.'

THE RECTORY, SANDRINGHAM,
Dec. 29, 1878.

‘For your scrap of a letter proportionate thanks. Where are Virchow’s and Hæckel’s speeches to be found? As for “Evolution” . . . it is at best but a theory, though in some respects a plausible one; and Hæckel is far more illogical than the Pope, for the latter professes to be informed by the Spirit of God, and, if one believes that, one must also believe in the Pope; whereas Hæckel, as an atheist, must *ipso facto* prove conclusively before he can claim belief. Intolerance and bigotry are not confined to the Church.’

PARIS, Feb. 28, 1879.

‘. . . I bought on my way here an ultra-Republican paper, *La République* (not of course *La R. Française*), which furiously attacked Waddington for his foreign policy, saying it was “Anglaise”; and also gave an amusing account of Lord Beaconsfield’s policy. The Zulu disaster, it is said, was trumped up for the purpose of destroying and disarming the Opposition in England. It had not really taken place, and would soon be contradicted. The object was to gain a pretext for sending a large number of troops to Africa, in order to do

there what we had done in India. We had, it said, annexed Cyprus; Midhat Pasha was preparing Syria, Muktar (or whoever is Governor) Crete, for England; Egypt would soon be appropriated; likewise (I think) Asia Minor; we had our emissaries in Abyssinia; and soon the whole plot would be revealed: namely the annexation of Syria, Crete, Egypt, Suez, and Africa, more or less generally to the destruction of French interests in those countries.'

MENTONE, *March 12, 1879.*

' . . . I am writing to you on a most splendid day, hot sun, blue sky, with a freshness in the air that makes walking delightful. In front of the town the bluest Mediterranean stretches; behind rise in immediate vicinity the mountains, in which the most charming walks abound in all directions. One wanders through olives, citron and orange trees laden with yellow and gold fruit, with a carpet of flowers, violets, primroses, red anemones, &c., under foot. Isn't that a "schwärmerisch" description? But this place is really one of the most lovely I have ever seen. It is almost worth having bad eyes to have an excuse to come to it.

'Talking about religion (*vide* your letter), if you

were to come here, you would at once turn into a Transcendentalist of the deepest dye. Materialism, London fog, indigestion, damp weather, and weakness of the mucous membrane are all closely connected. But when the moon rises over the blue sea, casting a bright streak of light across it, when the stars shine bright, and mountains catch the moonbeams in the distance—then materialism seems too cold and wretched. Everything here is fragrant (even the streets, but these owing to imperfect sewage). It is a very garden for aromatic plants of all descriptions. . . .

‘I have read nothing lately, and seen very little of the papers, except some of the French ones. . . . If the Extreme Left get the upper hand, then good-bye to the Republic. I was talking about this to a “commerçant” the other day in the train, and he said, “Les Radicaux vont faire de telles bêtises qu’ils nous jetteront dans les bras de l’Empire.” He quite ridiculed the idea of the Republic lasting. I am not so pessimistic, if only the Moderates hold their own. . . . But they are too undecided.’

CHAPTER II

DREAMS IN LONDON

(1882—1892)

WHEN his eyes had recovered sufficiently to enable him to undertake consecutive work, his age excluded him from an entrance to most professions. He endeavoured to find some employment which would enable him, if possible, to live with his mother in London.

Accordingly, in 1884, he acted as Assistant Secretary to the Jury Commission for the International Health Exhibition at South Kensington. He filled the same post for the Inventions Exhibition of 1885, and for the Reception Committee of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in 1886.

The Colonial Exhibition particularly attracted him, for the bias of his mind, while embracing a wide range of interests, inclined specially towards political and Imperial subjects. As years went

on, these assumed a more and more dominant position in his thoughts and aspirations. From his boyhood they had elicited his deepest enthusiasm. To live for the service of his country, he regarded as the noblest aim for a citizen of a great State; he placed it far above any other calling a man can have.

Although, during the period of eye trouble, he was unequal to the long hours of application necessitated by regular employment, he never gave up reading in short stretches, and managed to acquire an amount of information surprising to those who were acquainted with his difficulties.

His taste in literature might be called severe and classical. Rhetorical fireworks and poetry, in which the musical element predominated over the sense, bored and somewhat offended him. But he did not, of course, take his own opinions on such matters too seriously. Nothing certainly would have surprised him more than the idea of their being solemnly recorded.

Besides keeping abreast of the best general literature of the day, he paid special attention to political economy and everything connected with statecraft and national history. During his life in London, he thought much over social problems,

taking a warm interest in all philanthropic efforts to ameliorate the condition of the poor, in the varying phases of the struggle between capital and labour, in the action of Trades Unions, in the growth of Co-operation, in State Socialism and kindred topics.

One who knew him well, and had exceptional means of acquiring a true insight into his real character, writes as follows:—

‘He had the knack of quickly taking the pith out of a book, of at once grasping the fundamental aspect of a problem, of seeing things in deep and true relations. His memory was retentive and very accurate. Whatever he said could be relied upon to exactly represent the fact; all loose statement he utterly abhorred.

‘He had a strong sense of humour, and a witty and caustic way of saying things; but his quiet satirical vein was never of a sort that could give pain to anybody. It was the gentlest and tenderest nature, reserved and of few words, unresting and totally selfless in its thought for others; loved by all, but best loved where it was best known.

‘He could be stern, however, when it became necessary to condemn any form of wrong-doing, or,

above all, any departure from the whitest code of honour. When he then deemed it his duty to speak, it was done with unflinching moral courage. But where he felt himself not called upon to intervene, he guarded most sensitively against any shade of interference with another person's liberty of opinion or of action.

‘There was a deep fire in him, but it took a great cause or a great subject to draw it out. Trivialities and side-issues left him indifferent; nor did he ever mistake the unworthy for the worthy.

‘His whole soul moved in what was great and pure, and worthy of man's highest effort; and required a wide basis to show its real scope and to make his full power apparent.’

During the time which intervened between taking his degree in 1881, and entering the service of the British South Africa Company in January, 1891, his life was uneventful. He devoted some portion of his leisure to society. He used to say that the necessity of making conversation to people who did not interest him was ‘like working on an empty stomach.’ But to a large circle of relations and intimate friends he was warmly attached. Quick in

repartee, he was eager for conflict with kindred spirits, excelling in *persiflage*, yet most careful never to wound the feelings of any one by an unkind word.

Amongst the many friends whose hospitality he enjoyed in the course of these years, were Mr. and Mrs. Lecky, at whose house he passed many pleasant evenings.

‘He was, as you well know,’ writes Mr. Lecky to Hervey’s sister, ‘the most modest, unostentatious, unobtrusive of men, with no tinge of egotism in his nature; and all who knew him, as my wife and I did, appreciated the charm—as much moral as intellectual—of his pure and industrious life. The sense of duty always seemed to me his guiding motive, and it was no doubt this feeling that chiefly led him to his early death.’

Many pleasant visits to his cousins at Ickworth, to his eldest brother at Sandringham Rectory, and to his brother Algernon at Monasterevan in Ireland, fall in these years. His favourite pastime was fishing; and the delight with which he spent hour after hour on the banks of the river Barrow was a very familiar feature of his sojourns in Ireland.

The home life was varied by several excursions

to the Riviera and other parts of the Continent ; notably by a winter and spring (1884) passed with his mother and sister in Italy, when Rome, Naples and the country around it, Perugia and Florence, were successively visited. Rome attracted his warm interest. Although he would decry the Romans of the Empire as compared with those of the Republic, whose severe simplicity was in greater harmony with his own feelings, Rome in her nobler aspect, as a great civilizer in the world's history, appealed to him irresistibly ; and in that truly imperial mission he regarded Rome as the prototype of England. In the expeditions he made from Naples he took the keenest delight, and never failed to return laden with the wild flowers which, from his Pyrenean childhood to the end of his life, he dearly loved. His impetuous roving in the fierce Italian sun resulted in an attack of fever which interrupted the journey, and the end of May saw the family back in their home in London.

During these years of partial inactivity, although conscious of his ability to be of use, he never allowed his disappointment to show itself in voice or manner.

Some of his letters written during this time

are admirable, and form delightful reading, closely resembling his conversation as I knew it in later years, playful, original, critical, suggestive, containing bold generalisations and always pitched in a uniformly high key.

His friend, Major Mills¹, from whom I have received most of them, tells me Hervey was not a good correspondent. At rare intervals he would write a fairly long letter on abstract subjects, but as a rule his letters dealt with the necessities of the moment, a few stray reflections on current politics and amusing comments being added as a sort of appendix.

Probably the longer letters would not have been written at all had they not been drawn forth by the interest displayed by Major Mills in metaphysical questions, and by the recollection of the lively discussions which had taken place between them from boyhood upwards. The friendship with the family of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mills dated back to the days of childhood. Their second son Dudley (now Major Mills, R.E.) was at the same private school and at Eton with Hubert; and at the beautiful home on the Cornish coast, Efford Down, Bude Haven, he spent many

¹ Dudley, son of Mr. Arthur Mills, of Efford Down, Bude Haven.

happy days. He dearly loved the sea, and the roll of the Atlantic at Bude never ceased to inspire him with feelings of delight.

His letters were not intended for general perusal. He had the strong objection felt by nearly all sensitive and refined persons to his letters being seen by other eyes than those for whom they were intended.

Written on the impulse of the moment, and intended only for the person to whom they were addressed, they convey in so pleasing and truthful a manner a picture of the man himself as he appeared to his intimate friends, that I am tempted to include some extracts in this memoir, with the one regret that I have so few letters from which to make quotations.

TO MR. ROBERT J. PARKER.

PUSEY HOUSE, FARINGTON,
May 20, 1882.

‘. . . The country is so beautiful just now. I look out on green and hill, and hear birds singing; and the sun shines, and I read *The Tempest* and philosophize. . . . *The Tempest* seems to me very subjective, and to give a real reflex of Shakespeare’s thoughts. Again, in some ways it is not

unlike *Faust*, though that is far more precise and conscious. But the main notion of *The Tempest* seems to be a picture of a man in life, as in an enchanted island, with strange sounds, noises, voices, all around, which he for a time listens to and uses . . . ; but at the end he breaks his staff and drowns his magic book, and returns to practical life—"das thätige, wohlthuende Menschenleben." We must not dream, and dwell too much on mystical, poetical ideas, but work. We can indeed hold fast to the notion that "We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded by a dream," which we shall wake from in death ; but we must not talk of it, dwell on it too much—but work. Was not Prospero "infirm," was not "his old brain troubled" when he uttered these words? The world is real enough for virtue and practical action. . . .'

TO CAPTAIN DUDLEY MILLS, R.E.

12 LOWNDES STREET,
Sept. 25, 1884.

' . . . My work consists of copying, of writing letters, of making lists of Exhibits for Juries, of being polite to Jurors, evasive to Exhibitors ; in fact, much like oil, smooth and pleasant when

allowed to trickle over, i. e. as long as one remains passive, but, should anybody try to grasp it, slippery and difficult to catch. Anyhow, this work is very good for me, and I am very glad to have it. . . . I don't stand behind a counter, nor do I sell pills ; a table covered with letters of remonstrances and requests of various shades of urgency and politeness (or the contrary) is more like it ; but, without joking, things go on very smoothly on the whole. The door is marked "private," but somehow seems to act on the public as though "this way only" were written up ; indeed, I sometimes think that "this way only" would be the best means of getting quiet and peace. Nor do I act as showman. No ! Writing, general suavity, occasional dignity accompanied by chilling politeness and frequent deprecation and smoothing down . . . '

12 LOWNDES STREET, S.W.,

May 31, 1885.

' . . No doubt in time you will develope into a full-blown, "By God, Sir !" imperialist. Perfect democracy and realized Christianity are no doubt fundamentally antagonistic to the imperial spirit, which has its root and very essence in a proud consciousness of superiority over others. Conserva-

tives (of the old school), being entirely free from participation in democratic Christianity, can carry out a consistent policy of temperate, honourable, and gentlemanlike Jingoism, and have a great advantage over their Liberal opponents. Radicals of the peace-at-almost-any-price school have an advantage likewise over the ordinary Liberal, as their policy of never going to war, &c., is a consistent one; but their advantage is mainly theoretical, as their policy cannot be translated into the region of facts and action. The Liberal or Imperial Radical is torn asunder by two forces, Universal Democracy and goodwill and peace, and the conscious superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race. Now, though he thus appears to be, and to a certain extent is, at a disadvantage compared with the other two parties, yet he has this great pull over them, that he grasps the whole of the facts, whereas the others each have only half of them. The practical outcome seems to be that, although the Liberal is welcome to his theories, he must be very careful how he applies them, or he will do more harm than good; and, though it may be true that the Imperialist feeling may some day die out, it has not yet fulfilled its mission and done its work. In other words, the world is not

yet educated up to doing without it, and therefore no sane man will talk of giving up our possessions, or of ceasing to extend them. . . .

‘. . . I have now to smooth an irritated foreign Commissioner, now to snub an irritating Exhibitor, which is most easily done under the cover of polite words, as they don’t the least understand the use of a polished weapon, and appear defenceless against it.’

LONDON, *Feb. 8, 1885.*

‘. . . Here every one is miserable about poor Gordon, whose fate is still uncertain, but one cannot help fearing that he has been killed. The only good that may perhaps spring from the affair is that now possibly a more masculine and energetic policy will be adopted as regards Egypt: the Government have not the courage of their convictions, and have been trying all along to pursue a double (not deceitful, but two-fold) course. The world is not good enough for universal brotherhood, and giving one’s cloak to the thief of one’s coat; and till morality is on a far higher footing than at present we must be content to annex and be Imperial still. . . . I don’t think you have any of the “Civis Romanus sum” feeling, though I confess that it is a sentiment rather to feed on

and cherish in private, than to parade in public. It is too precious a jewel to cast before swine. I don't mean anything personal, of course! But still, there is something inspiriting in being one of a great nation. . . . Do you ever feel a desire for adventure? I feel a sort of attraction to an adventurous career like Gordon's, and I should delight in explorations like Livingstone's into Mid-Africa. Instead of which I shall probably end my days having never accomplished anything greater than directing envelopes in a temporary iron office built by Messrs. Humphreys and Co., the great contractors of Albert Gate. . . . I am afraid I have remained "hübsch objectiv," as Heine says of Goethe. . . .

' . . . I am still working at South Kensington, at the Exhibition; and this year's Exhibition work will soon begin now. I hope all the musical instruments won't play at once—(it is Inventions and Music).'

12 LOWNDES STREET,
April 13, 1886.

' . . . I go periodically to look at the Hong-Kong tent with its models of the island and the docks, and begin (so near am I brought to you) to think, with Kant, that space at least has no real existence,

and is only a mode of inexact thought¹. Time appears to me to be more substantial, when there are still two or three hours to wait till the daily hour of departure from my office. . . .

‘. . . Of course, politically, Gladstone’s Irish Bill is the one topic of conversation ; it is dangerous to hazard an opinion, as the telegraph makes a letter that is five weeks on its way so very apt to be foolish, after the event. At the same time, if we are to preserve our present system of civilization, if an Imperial policy (in the most sober sense of the word) is to continue, then the Bill is bad. If, on the other hand, anarchy in the best and most radical sense, abolition of large armaments, collapse of all Imperial systems, and a return or an advance to a semi-communistic or socialistic village system, is to be the system of government of the future, then the first step may be made by the self-government of Ireland. But I am not prepared to give up our present system of Imperial civilization for the visionary prospect of happy village communities, all living at peace with each other, where the stronger does not oppress the weaker, nor the Russian make war upon the

¹ Captain Mills was in China when Hervey was working at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition at South Kensington.

Turk. And therefore I am much opposed to Mr. Gladstone's plan.'

Although an advanced Liberal he was strongly opposed to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. Of Local Government, in the broadest sense, he was a staunch advocate, as a matter of principle no less than for the sake of enabling Parliament to concentrate all its energies on Imperial affairs. But the moment he perceived in any measure what seemed a threat to the unity of the Empire, he drew back. The strong sense of proportion which enabled him always to subordinate a lesser object to a greater, and the power he possessed of driving straight through all momentary obstacles and agitations to the ultimate logical consequence, warned him immediately of the dangerous nature of Mr. Gladstone's proposals.

Many of the Colonial and Indian Commissioners will recollect an interesting excursion to Bury St. Edmunds and Ickworth, which he planned for their entertainment on the invitation of his cousin, Lord Bristol (July 24th, 1886)¹.

¹ The following is a list of the Colonial and Indian Commissioners who had accepted the invitation :—Dr. C. F. Fisher, Mr. McMillan, Mr. Pilcher, Sir Saul Samuel, Mr. M. C. Cowlisham, Mr. Burdett

‘The present Exhibition,’ Hervey wrote a few months later to his Eton friend, Mr. F. P. Gervais ¹, ‘has, I think, been a great success, and has had much influence in fostering the growing feelings of sympathy between England and the Colonies, and in crystallizing them. Whether any scheme of Imperial Federation can be practically worked (which I earnestly hope), still remains to be seen: probably the best lines on which to work at present are Joint Imperial Defence and Emigration. A Federal Constitution should rather supply a demand, than be an attempt at creating one. . . .’

Smith, Mr. C. Cape, Mr. Archibald Frazer, and Mr. L. G. Lamb, New South Wales; General Nixon, Mr. A. Bissett, Mr. H. Graham Clarke, Mr. Webb, and Mr. Fredk. Ash, Cape of Good Hope; Sir Graham Berry, Mr. J. S. Bear, Mr. Henry Burrows, Mr. Jaffray, and Mr. William Jack, Victoria; Mr. W. Desplessis, Mauritius; Mr. E. Wodehouse, Hong Kong; Chief Justice Dobson and Mr. Adye Douglas, Tasmania; Mr. Hawtayne, British Guiana; Mr. G. M. Waterhouse, New Zealand; Lieut.-Col. A. Feez and Mr. W. D. Walsh, Queensland; Mr. Meade, West Indies; Mr. Hugh Sutherland, Mr. Dore, and Col. Ross, Canada; the Hon. Malcolm Frazer and Mr. Frank Wittenoom, Western Australia; Mr. Samuel Tomkinson, South Australia; Mr. Jos. Bosisto and Mr. Abbott, Melbourne; Dr. Baldson and Dr. F. Furrell Easmond, West African Settlement; Mr. Williamson, British Honduras; Mr. Charles Bethell, Fiji. The Indian Commissioners who accepted the invitation were Nasrulla Khan of Sachin, Rev. L. Borrison, Sirdar Jai, Sing Ras Angria; Mr. Banerji, Mr. Wadia, Mr. J. E. Hanghir, and Mr. K. B. Kama.

¹ Mr. F. P. Gervais, of Cecil, Augher, co. Tyrone.

TO CAPT. MILLS, R.E.

TORQUAY, *Feb. 11, 1888.*

‘. . . As regards Roman Catholicism, one at any rate of the great attractions of that Church is that it represents, however imperfectly, the idea of unity and universality. To understand this thoroughly, one must look at the case historically. If you read the opening pages of Ranke’s “History of the Popes,” you will see what I mean. The Papacy is the living representative of the Roman Empire, the spiritual fire—the idea having outlived the temporal Empire (of which the last shadow was destroyed when the Empire of Austria was created in 1806). The nation, or rather state, is individualistic and anti-universal in tendency, and the history of Europe from A.D. 300 (say) onwards has been the successful assertion of nation and state against the Roman Empire, disintegrated by the solvent of individualism. But, in itself, unity, universalism, is quite as powerful a principle, and as eternal a one, as individualism. Hence the strong hold that the Papacy still has over millions of men. One is tempted to speculate whether some democratic-socialistic Pope will not arise who will

again preach Christianity in its pristine purity, hamper himself with as little dogma as may be, declare all nations brothers, and thunder his denunciations against standing armies, military governments, &c. ; and enlist on his side many of those forces which we at present designate as "anti-Jingo," "revolutionary," "unpatriotic," &c., &c. And then the individual principle may have to fight for life against a re-action all the more powerful that it has been receding for fifteen hundred years. . . . Of course the perfect state of things is an exact balance between the (apparently) conflicting claims of "universal" and "individual," but each suffers by being either too much or too little developed, and perfection is only attained by a perfect balance of interests, which is also a perfect harmony.'

12 LOWNDES STREET, S.W.,

June 23, 1888.

' . . . It is impossible to fall into fallacy, if you avoid definition. I have not defined "miracles," hence it is impossible for my opponent to say whether my conception of miracles is possible or impossible. Leaving aside free-will and necessity (to which in the end, or beginning, everything

would seem to refer itself), we can say about miracles that they are only the supersession of a lower law by the action of a higher. But such higher law may perhaps only operate under certain conditions of time, place, or disposition. It is only the youth of a nation that can produce a Shakespeare. It may be only certain ages that can produce "miracles," or rather only in certain ages that the conditions are favourable for the intervention of the higher,—or better, the stronger law. In other ages, the lower or weaker law, being re-enforced by its surroundings, keeps the higher law in check, or rather, being now the stronger of the two, of course prevails. The so-called higher, however, stores energy, and waits for a favourable opportunity, and bursts out "miraculously," like a volcano. Of course a miracle without cause is as meaningless as—what shall I say? Well, as any effect without cause; as unthinkable, in fact, as free-will. Whether, therefore, real miracles (i. e. effects totally without cause) can really exist, is practically the same question as whether free-will exists. For every effort of free-will, creative, and without cause, is a real miracle. But what is commonly called a miracle may merely be a wonderful effect, of which the contemporary

thinkers did not,—perhaps more, could not—find the cause.’

A book which was published in 1891, and much delighted him, was Lord Rosebery’s brilliant monograph on Pitt. Apparently some discussion had taken place between Hervey and his brother Algernon, who, deeply impressed with the ‘Little-Englander’ views of the Liberal party, was sceptical as to the possibility of any Imperial policy outside the ranks of the Conservatives. Hubert Hervey thereupon wrote beneath his own name, inscribed on the fly-leaf of Lord Rosebery’s *Pitt*: ‘gives this book to Algernon Hervey, to convince him that Liberal Policy is Imperial, and that Imperial interests are safe in the hands of—the Liberal leader.’

TO CAPT. MILLS, R.E.

*B.S.A. Co., ST. SWITHIN’S LANE, E.C.,

Sept. 13, 1892.

‘. . . There was rather an interesting man at W——. I sat up with him in the smoking-room discussing metaphysics, and pointed out the superiority of my system over Buddha’s, my system being that I, the centre of the universe, absorb all

the rest, instead of the universe absorbing me. And as this process will be completed in each individual, you have the beautiful and philosophically perfect spectacle of everything being itself and all its contraries at the same time.'

1892.

'... As you say, enforced rest is always tedious. "WHY" is indeed written in letters gigantic and adamantine, over the whole face of the world.

The above extracts may explain the secret of Hervey's fascination for those whom he admitted to his intimate friendship, and to whom he confided without reserve the thoughts that came uppermost in his mind. He was an enthusiast with deep emotions, ardent sympathies, and Imperial aspirations; but an enthusiast whose words and acts were always controlled by a horror of cant, by a fastidious dread of boring people, by a keen sense of humour, and by an innate courtesy of manner.

These letters will also enable the reader to understand how great must have been the sacrifice, how real the patriotism, when Hervey accepted at thirty-one years of age a subordinate place in the

Transfer Department of the British South Africa Company, and devoted his daily energies for nearly two years to the uncongenial work of checking transfers of share certificates in a dark room on the basement floor of an office in the City.

CHAPTER III

IN THE CHARTERED COMPANY'S OFFICES

(1891—1892)

It was at this time that, as a Director of the British South Africa Company, I first became acquainted with Hervey. A common relation, Mr. John Grey¹, Rector of Houghton-le-Spring, near Durham, told me of his nephew's desire to obtain employment in the service of the Chartered Company. Hervey was attracted by the wide-reaching and Imperial character of the work which the Company had set itself to perform. He recognized that it was work, in the highest sense Imperial, which if successful could not fail to promote the glory of England and the best interests of humanity.

¹ The Hon. and Rev. John Grey, Rector of Houghton-le-Spring, and Honorary Canon of Durham, was a younger son of Charles, second Earl Grey, the Prime Minister. Mr. Grey was twice married: first to Lady Georgiana Hervey, secondly to Helen, daughter of John Eden Spalding, Esq. The first was an aunt, the second a cousin, of Hubert Hervey.

Prevented through the accident of ill-health from serving the Crown in one of the established services, he was eager to be associated with this great Corporation formed to bring under the rule of justice, law, and civilization, a vast territory, which in spite of the salubrity of its climate, and the wealth of its resources, was submerged under the black waters of a savage barbarism.

Although the character of his duties at the London office must have been distasteful and afforded no scope for the display of his abilities, he was reconciled to them by his sympathy with the Imperial aims of the Company. It was also his hope that his position might give him a claim, as soon as opportunity offered, to some administrative post in Rhodesia, in which he could take a real and substantial part in the work of establishing a new British Empire in Africa.

The influence which Hervey exercised over those officials of the Company who were admitted to his friendship was of the highest and most valuable character. The following testimony from Mr. E. Maclaurin Euan-Smith, at that time a clerk in the office, to Hervey's character and influence, will be read with interest:—

‘During the whole of this period we were very

much thrown together, and I soon learnt to value and admire his many great qualities. He was a good classic and a good German and French scholar, besides being widely read in at least three literatures, English, French, and German. He was thoroughly acquainted with modern history, especially the political history of Europe during the present century. I think Goethe was his favourite poet, and he knew whole pages of his masterpieces by heart. He was a most delightful companion; and it was impossible, so active and stimulating was his mind, to feel dull when in his society. His conversational powers were of a high order. His mind was stored with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and illustration derived from his wide reading, and it was difficult to start a subject about which he had not some amusing story to tell or some valuable information to impart. He was very fond of politics, particularly foreign politics, as to which he was remarkably well informed. He had a thorough grasp of all the great questions of the day, and seemed to have read and remembered all that was worth knowing about them. He was an ardent Imperialist, and was ready to do and dare anything, as he afterwards proved, to help

forward the Imperial idea. He was a great admirer of Mr. Rhodes, and of the great work he had done and was doing for the Empire in South Africa. I think that was the secret of his desire to enter the service of the British South Africa Company. He felt that in that service he would have the best opportunity of doing good work for his country.

‘As to his character, perhaps the qualities in him that were most striking were his physical and moral fearlessness, his truthfulness, and his high sense of honour. Even amongst honourable men he must have stood out as an exceptionally honourable man, and it was impossible to conceive that he could ever do a mean or underhand action, or be guilty of the shadow of a falsehood. To such an extreme did he carry his ideas of what it was or was not honourable to do, that many people looked upon him as absurdly particular, as a kind of modern Don Quixote; but many of these, who sympathized the least with his ideas, which they considered fantastic, nevertheless admired him the most for what they affected to laugh at. I remember asking some one who had returned from Mashonaland¹ if he knew Hervey. “Oh yes,” he said, “everybody knows

¹ At a later period, when Hervey was in South Africa.

Hervey. He has the most ridiculous ideas that it is wrong to do this or that in business, and a good many people laugh at him for his pains, but every one likes him, and you can't help respecting him."

'As for his courage, I don't think he knew the meaning of the word fear. He had none even of that dread of death which oppresses some men who are otherwise brave. I remember his saying to me once, "The only feeling I have about death is an intense curiosity as to what lies beyond it. I have that feeling so strongly that I shall be quite ready to die when my time comes."

'He was very ambitious, but it was a noble ambition; an ambition to succeed, not for his personal glory, but that he might have increased opportunities of work for England, a wider sphere of usefulness and activity. The expansion of the Empire was the idea for which he lived and for which he gave his life. He was fond of saying that the great thing for everybody to do was to search diligently until they found their idea, the idea for which they were prepared to live or die, and, having found it, they had only to give themselves entirely up to it, and to shape their lives in obedience to its commands. "Only believe in

your idea and it will carry you through every difficulty. If you live, you will do great things; if you die, well! how can you die better? and your idea will not die."

'The time he spent in the London office of the Company must have been most irksome and trying for him. His health suffered from the confinement and the sedentary life, for fresh air and exercise were as necessary to him as food and drink. Besides, his work—he was in the Transfer Department—though very important and responsible, was in its nature mechanical and monotonous, and left little scope for the exercise and display of his abilities. He was always pining for the freer life and greater opportunities of Mashonaland, but that did not prevent his performing his uncongenial duties with the greatest thoroughness, and he contented himself in the meantime with learning Dutch, and working at other subjects which he thought might afterwards be of use to him. He made no secret of his resolve not to leave England while his mother was alive. When at last he was free to go and had made all his arrangements, I shall never forget his coming to me and telling me his plans, and then urging me to adopt and carry them out myself in his place, for, he said,

I had been longer in the London office than he had, and he could not bear to think that he might be standing in my way by going. I had great difficulty in convincing him that he would not be doing so, and that home ties made it impossible for me to leave England. He was as disinterested and chivalrous in friendship as in everything else.'

For many years before Hervey entered the London office of the British South Africa Company, he had given the closest attention to African questions. He had bought every new map, and had followed every new development with the keenest interest and excitement.

He would probably have gone out to South Africa long before he actually went, had not his mother's failing health made him unwilling to leave her side, and to give her the pang, which would have been a sharp one, of parting with him. He made the sacrifice, as was his way, without referring to it. His mother, who was devoted to him, as he to her, never knew of it; and even those nearest to him hardly realized till afterwards what it had cost him to feel the most precious years of his manhood slipping away one by one, while he remained quietly at his post.

'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

After his mother's death, which took place in September, 1892, barely two months after that of his brother Cecil in New Zealand, Hubert at once took steps to go out to South Africa.

But before following him to that country, where the final scene in the drama of his life was to be enacted, it will be interesting to take more definite note of some of the thoughts and opinions which had ripened in this period of outward inactivity. They will show that the crowning episode in Africa was but the logical outcome of years of gradually matured reflection.

During the latter portion of his residence in London, there was perhaps no friend with whom Hervey conversed more freely on the political topics dearest to him, than Mr. Eyre A. Crowe¹, and it is to him that I am indebted for the following most important and suggestive summary of some of Hervey's views on these subjects.

'More than any other man I have known, Hubert Hervey seemed to live in the thoughts and ideas which we associate with the word Imperialism. The British Empire was to him not so much a territorial conception, a collection of countries spread over the four quarters of the

¹ Son of the late Sir Joseph Crowe, diplomatist and art-critic.

globe, and more or less loosely connected by political institutions, but rather the community of a people having common aims and ideals, looking at the problems of the world through the same eyes, and working—whether consciously or unconsciously—for a common object. That object he conceived to be the maintenance and development both of the individual type of character which stamps the English-speaking people, and of the dominating influence in the world of the State which these people compose. For the conception of a British State, as developed in the writings of Professor Seeley and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, Hervey felt all the admiration of an enthusiastic disciple.

‘I do not know whether any particular scheme of political federation had his definite support. The final solution of this perplexing question seemed far off. But it was essential in his opinion that no steps should be taken which would ultimately have to be retraced, nothing done that might some day block the way to a definite realization of the idea. Averse to the vaguer kind of political speculation, he was yet fond of dwelling on the recognizable lines of development that seemed natural and practical,

if not necessary, and of picturing results which might be expected to take shape as the logical outcome of forces actually at work. The essence of federation, apart from its outward form, was to be looked for in a harmony of view as to the object which the British State should set before itself in the world.

‘It seemed manifest to him that the lead in the process of shaping the history of the world belonged, at present, to a small number of nations—English-speaking, German, Russian, French. Of these France, with a diminishing population, was tending to fall back from the position of a leading Power. Germany was not unlikely to maintain her place as the chief intellectual workshop of the world. But in the long run England and Russia would face each other as the main representatives of Western ideas. Of Russia it might be said, that not only was she very backward in everything that is implied in the word civilization, but that the material composing the nation was inferior to the English breed. With our long start in historical life, we ought to be able to remain the dominating factor, and impose our purposes and our ideals on the world at large—not necessarily by force. With fond pride Hervey would dwell

on the fact that we had been the pioneers of modern political institutions for all countries; that our influence was widely spread by our literature and the great names in science; that, above all, our people were distinguished for a practical talent for government, and for the administration of justice, and that in this we were the successors of road-making and law-giving Rome, the greatest people before us.

‘The genius of old Greece appealed much less strongly to Hervey than the character of the Roman. To him the Greek appeared to have been too much wrapped up in ideas of art—an effeminate tendency. The comparative lack of the sense of art among the English, as among the earlier and best Romans, he looked upon rather as a redeeming point; believing that art and political strength, if not antagonistic to each other, did not, in fact, generally go together—a curious idea.

‘The United States were always included in Hervey’s views of a dominant English-speaking Power. No doubt there was the danger of a conflict between the British and American elements, which would amount *pro tanto* to a weakening of the English “world-position,” as Carlyle would say. Hervey would compare the relative position of

England and America to that of Prussia and Austria before 1866. The real problem lay in the question, "Shall the Anglo-Saxon nation ultimately be led from London or from Washington?" The existing antagonism Hervey conceived to be practically one-sided only : a sentimental feeling of dislike or distrust on the part of America, derived and nourished not unnaturally from the memories of her birth-struggle with England. But the actual political differences arising between the two countries he ascribed mainly to the lower standard of political life in the younger State, and the consequently somewhat crude methods of statesmanship which found favour there. And it seemed to him curious that, while these defects were readily admitted in an academical way by the best Americans themselves, the often needlessly aggressive manner and tone adopted by their public men in dealing with Great Britain was at bottom hardly resented, rather approved in the States. If Englishmen could recognize in the conduct of national affairs in America the same spirit that they see written on the most honourable pages of their own history, Hervey thought it would be held to matter little whether the centre of inspiration for English national life and thought lay on this or that side

of the Atlantic. But so long as Great Britain had reason to believe that she and not America was the true representative and exponent of the great national ideals of the race, she could not recognize a Transatlantic leadership, even at the risk of a Sadowa. In any case, whether there should be conflict or only peaceful rivalry, he earnestly hoped that the final result would be harmony and consolidation.

‘These views on our relations with America filled an important part of Hervey’s general survey of English affairs. To make Great Britain the leader of the world, morally, intellectually, and politically—that was in his eyes the true purpose of any English policy, as its accomplishment would be the fulfilment of England’s political destiny. To rise to such a position of leadership, a State must be regarded with a feeling of trust by the world at large, and command its respect. Whilst respect would be earned by a firm attitude in ever protecting national interests, general confidence could only be won as the result of the conviction that English aims and ideals can and may be identified with the highest common interests of all peoples. The growth of that conviction must be a matter of time. Yet even now, when this country is

certainly much disliked by other nations, it seemed very doubtful whether they would not rather have Great Britain occupy the commanding position she holds than that any other State should occupy it. The tremendous power of the command of the sea had never been used by England in opposition to the interests of the community of States in general. If any other nation wielded such a weapon, would not every one fear its employment as an instrument of mere national aggrandisement and desire for domineering over others? Recognizing that any attempt to acquire such a domineering position had always in the past encountered the united hostility of the European Powers—Spain, Austria, France, having in turn had to give way before the general combination—Hervey, like all men with a good eye for politics, thought it should be a cardinal feature in England's policy so to shape her course as never to place herself in opposition to the united hostility of Europe. It might even be said that any policy which provoked such united hostility could not represent the true interests of mankind in general, and ought therefore not to be followed by the nation that wants to lead the world.

‘I doubt whether Hervey had ever studied the

works of Treitschke. But he shared in a remarkable degree that great political preacher's theory that the soul and essence of a living State is might or power. The most potent factor in shaping national character and destinies appeared to him to be the strife with other countries. From this view there sprang a whole train of thought which had a strong hold on Hervey's mind, and I will attempt to draw a brief outline of it in the following paragraphs:—

‘Like all living organisms, States are ever struggling against strong outer forces, whether in the way of commercial, colonial, or territorial rivalry, or in actual war. In this struggle weakness means defeat. Now the essential element of all healthy life, power, or influence, is force or strength; either material brute force that crushes resistance, or force of will, character, and intelligence, that creates the impression of definite superiority and asserts itself. History has never revealed a State that was great without at some time showing both these elements of strength. Powerful armed forces and high-souled leadership are indispensable for any State aspiring to a commanding position. Even mere strong national instincts and energy, without conscious direction, may do a great deal. Great Britain herself

perhaps owes more than any other State to such spontaneous forces, because in the security of her islands it has not been necessary for her at all times to put forward the best efforts. How much greater her position is when her steps are guided by a master-mind is seen from the history of the periods when her policy was directed by her greatest representative leaders, such as Elizabeth, Cromwell, William III, Chatham. What they were able to add to the driving forces of a healthy community was clearness of view, thorough grasp of the national aims, and the force of character to lead a not merely willing but enthusiastic country in the natural way of development.

‘The strong and healthy sentiment of national ambition cannot perhaps be justified by logic except to your own sympathizers, present or future. Probably every one would agree that an Englishman would be right in considering his way of looking at the world and at life better than that of the Maori or Hottentot, and no one will object in the abstract to England doing her best to impose her better and higher view on those savages. But the same idea will carry you much further. In so far as an Englishman differs in essentials from a Swede or Belgian, he believes that he represents

a more perfectly developed standard of general excellence. Yes, and even those nations nearest to us in mind and sentiment—German and Scandinavian—we regard on the whole as not so excellent as ourselves, comparing their typical characteristics with ours. Were this not so, our energies would be directed to becoming what they are. Without doing this, however, we may well endeavour to pick out their best qualities and add them to ours, believing that our compound will be superior to the foreign stock.

‘It is the mark of an independent nation that it should feel thus. How far such a feeling is, in any particular case, justified, history alone decides. But it is essential that each claimant for the first place should put forward his whole energy to prove his right. This is the moral justification for international strife and even of war, and a great change must come over the world and over men’s minds before there can be any question of everlasting universal peace or the settlement of all international differences by arbitration. More especially must the difficulty caused by the absence of a generally recognized standard of justice be felt in the case of contact between civilized and uncivilized races. Is there any likelihood of the gulf between the

white and the black man being bridged within any period of time that we can foresee? Can there be any doubt that the white man must and will impose his superior civilization on the coloured races? The rivalry of the principal European countries in extending their influence over other continents should lead naturally to the evolution of the highest attainable type of government of subject races by the superior qualities of their rulers.

‘Such, so far as I am able to state them concisely in a connected form, were Hervey’s views regarding these problems of higher political ethics. He was clear in his mind that in these matters Great Britain was leading, owing to the peculiar genius of her people and the strength of her historical traditions, as exemplified in her work in India, in Egypt, in East, West, and South Africa.

‘Whilst Hervey’s way of looking at our national life generally was bravely optimistic, there were parts of our political and constitutional machinery which he regarded with a critical eye. He would quote, as an instance, the want of suitable training for our politicians for the higher duties of officers of State. They grew up in an atmosphere of Parliamentary debating, where party warfare had

established the rules of the game, and compromise was considered the ideal virtue. Debates might afford excellent intellectual schooling, but much debating, especially with necessarily deficient knowledge of the subject, seemed of very doubtful value in developing the power of decision. In order to decide well and rapidly, a definite standpoint combined with comprehensiveness of view is essential. But Parliamentary discussions would naturally tend rather to show every matter under two opposite lights, between which a middle course must be steered.

‘The consequent want of the habit of decision was aggravated by a lack of definiteness, and great resulting diversity of view, as to the nature and scope of our national aims. No properly recognized school of thought existed, chiefly, he imagined, because it was nobody’s business to think out methodically the problems of a sound national policy, apart from their bearing on the position of the two conflicting parties.

‘There was a sad want of historical training, for which Hervey blamed the inefficiency of our higher educational system. Modern scientific methods had not yet been properly applied in dealing with educational problems, and party interests or

ecclesiastical considerations seemed to govern the discussion. Then there remained the extraordinary reluctance to entrust real authority in political matters to men of knowledge. Such men were always suspected of having "fads" or "theories," whilst men called "practical," and said to have "broad common sense," were considered good enough, or rather considered the very best, for dealing with the greatest national affairs. Ignorance was at a premium. Surely knowledge and responsibility ought always to go together. Who would entrust his money to a bank that was managed by a man ignorant of banking, but enjoying "broad common sense," or consult a doctor who was a man of the world, but knew nothing of medicine? Yet all the great departments of State in this country were in fact managed by men generally and professedly untrained in the business.

‘But whatever flaws Hervey thought he detected in the fabric of government, he believed in the boundless capacities of the English race. With her ever-growing healthy population, her superfluity of energetic young men, full of resource and of the spirit of enterprise, gifted with the power to rule honestly and justly, ready to go anywhere, and yet dearly attached to their national

ideas, he could see no reason why England should not provide governors and administrators for the whole as yet uncivilized world, just as she was doing for India, Egypt, and the various African territories. A large field stood open in China. Always and everywhere the best energies of Englishmen should be given to the service of the State, in its wider sense, as the world-embracing Power.'

Hervey had as keen an eye as any one for the absurdities of Jingoism, but he believed firmly that it was a privilege to belong to a great nation, and a duty to maintain her prestige.

It was no narrow national egotism which made him glad to be an Englishman, but the conviction that the English race set a finer example, and upheld a higher standard of truth and equity, in the countries it was called upon to govern, than any other nation. On ethical grounds such as these, he based his opinion of the right of Great Britain to be the dominant power of the world. He had a strong feeling of 'noblesse oblige' with regard to being the citizen of a great State; and considered no sacrifice too great to preserve the purity of the ideals essential to the maintenance of its greatness.

CHAPTER IV

‘EN ROUTE FOR THE FRONTIER’

(December, 1892—1893)

WITH his mind filled with the thoughts and aspirations sketched in the previous chapter, Hervey applied for a year's leave from the Chartered Company, offering to work unpaid for a time if a post could be found for him in Mashonaland; and in December, 1892, he sailed for the Cape.

‘There was something peculiarly noble and high-minded about him,’ writes Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, a fellow passenger on board the Union Line s.s. *Scot*, on the voyage out to the Cape, ‘besides his great gentleness and sympathy. . . . He was the most delightful companion and the truest of friends. . . .’

On his arrival at Cape Town, Hervey was forced to spend some weeks in comparative inactivity while waiting to consult Mr. Rhodes as to his future movements. He employed himself in

improving his Dutch, and made good use of his letters of introduction to many of the leading politicians and Government officials, thus gaining further acquaintance with South African politics and with the racial and other burning questions arising out of England's advance into the interior.

During this and subsequent visits to Cape Town he was frequently at Government House. The High Commissioner¹ was much impressed by his capacity, and took a great interest in his career: and the acquaintance, renewed from time to time when Hervey was at Cape Town, ripened into friendship.

Some of his home letters, written at about this time, give his first impressions of his new surroundings.

TO CAPTAIN MILLS, R.E.

CIVIL SERVICE CLUB, CAPE TOWN,

March 5, 1893.

‘. . . We were unlucky on the way out in reaching everything at night: Madeira (though I did land, but of course one could see nothing), Teneriffe, which we did not touch at, and finally

¹ Lord Loch.

Cape Town, the approach to which from the sea I should much have liked to have seen. Table Mountain is of course striking. But to my mind far finer are the mountains opposite, behind Stellenbosch, near which place I now am, having come out for three weeks or so to a Dutch farm to try to learn some more of that language. The sunsets which dye the mountains bright pink, and the sky first orange and then pink, with the "after-glow" colour, are really very fine indeed. The fault of the country is the insufficiency of wood, but that could easily be remedied by planting. . . . Then here the country is comparatively thickly populated. It is just vintage time, and I have been watching the wine-treading—an unpleasant operation. Cape Town is a rather sleepy and unenterprising place, but the suburbs are pretty. . . . There is some pleasant intellectual society, owing to Cape Town being the capital, and the seat of Government, military establishment, &c.

‘The naval establishment is at Simonstown, as of course you know. I believe there are some guns there, but whether the defences are “any better than those at Portsmouth” I don’t know. Seriously, I believe that Cape Town and Simonstown are both in a fairly efficient state of defence,

but I would rather like to know what permanent stock of coal the Admiralty are in the habit of keeping in their more important coaling stations. Locally raised coal is of little use, as it is only one-half, or one-third even, as powerful as steam coal, i.e. the bulk which an ironclad must take must be doubled or trebled. . . .

‘I know you are not an Imperial Federationist: no more am I in the more immediate sense. But I am inclined to think that it is an ideal to hold for the future, and I am sure that some joint system of Imperial Defence, which is, after all, the germ of Federation, is immediately desirable. The present state of the relations between England and the Colonies, however adapted to the moment, has no element of permanence, and we must choose between a break-up of the Empire—thereby resigning the future to the United States and Russia, who would in that case have ultimately to fight for the supremacy of the world—and some form of relation, which, call it what you will, would be a nearer approximation to Federation than what we have at present.’

The ideas here roughly expressed were at the root of his earnest belief in, and support of, Mr. Rhodes. At a later period he enjoyed the hospitality

of Grootshuur¹, where the great admiration he had always expressed for the Imperial aims of its owner received the added seal of personal intimacy.

Writing from Cape Town on March 26, 1893, to Mr. Arthur Mills, he says:—

‘ . . . I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have seen Mr. Rhodes, and have been successful in getting (unpaid) work at the office of the British South Africa Company at Fort Salisbury, Mashonaland. . . . ’

Matters being thus arranged, he started for the north on April 1, 1893, by Durban and Johannesburg. The Uitlander question in the Transvaal, and its relations to the British Empire, especially interested him. The following letters, written with reference to this journey to Captain Mills, show the accuracy of his observations, whilst in some details they have a special interest as records of conditions which are being rapidly obliterated.

TO CAPTAIN MILLS, R.E.

VICTORIA CLUB, MARITZBURG,
April 11, 1893.

‘I left Cape Town on April 1, via s.s. *Drummond Castle*, for Durban, which, after a

¹ Mr. Rhodes' country house.

prosperous but slow voyage, we reached on April 8. The first port we touched at was Port Elizabeth, a far more English place than Cape Town, though with a fairly large German colony. It is clean, well-built, and has a fair harbour, but one has to land in a tug. As we stopped there two days, I went ashore. The first day I went for a walk in the country behind the town; barren, dry, grassy country, in hilly ridges—or rather it is flattish downs (if I may use the expression) at first, rising into hills later. Here I saw the first “location” I had come across, i.e. the native quarters, a collection of huts apart from the town, in which the natives are not allowed to live. The dress consists in many cases only of a blanket, generally of a yellowish ginger colour, but many wear a more developed costume. The hut appears to be of mud with a grass thatch.

‘The next day I took the train to Uitenhage, about one hour away, a pretty well-watered town; neighbourhood devoted to stock and ostrich farming. The country round is bush veld, i.e. a low scrub growing all over and covering the mountains, so that for as far as you can see (I drove out to a farm nine miles from Uitenhage) the country appears desolate and barren; but I am told that

this is partly deceptive, that underneath the "bush" a very nourishing grass grows on which cattle thrive, and that there are farms: but owing partly to the size of the properties, partly to the fact that the situation is often concealed by the ground, one does not readily see them. In the immediate neighbourhood of Uitenhage they also grow vines, but the real vine country is the south-west portion of the colony, and especially the Paarl, Stellenbosch, and Constantia.

'The next port was East London; here also I landed for a few hours. It is a regular colonial frontier town; large squares and broad streets, but few buildings, and those of the most unequal description. Wool is the great staple of trade here. There is a good deal of rivalry between all the ports, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban, and Delagoa Bay. My impression is that, in the long run, the Transvaal trade will gravitate to Delagoa Bay, part of that of the Orange Free State to Durban, and that the Cape ports (except Cape Town for passenger traffic) will be out of the through-traffic, and will have to rely on local development of resources in the Colony. At present they are all competing for the Transvaal trade. The Delagoa line, from Delagoa Bay to

Pretoria, is being built by the Netherlands Railway Company, who have an agreement with the Transvaal Government not to allow any other Railway to cross the frontier till their line is completed, anyhow up to a certain point. In spite of this, however, the Cape Railway through the Orange Free State to Pretoria was completed, I believe, before the stipulated point in the Netherlands Railway was reached. I understand also that the Netherlands Railway Company have a general concession for railways in the Transvaal, which hampers railway building. In time, however, this might perhaps be modified, as the Transvaalers are getting tired of these concessions, and of the Hollanders (i. e. European Dutch) who are said to profit by them, and agreements are sometimes upset. Natal again is pressing to be allowed to complete her line to join the main trunk line somewhere south of Johannesburg (from Charlestown), and the line has been surveyed, but hitherto the above-mentioned Netherlands agreement has stood in her way. She also nurses a grievance—real or fancied—against the Cape Colony for working against her. But I think she is now within measurable distance of being allowed to extend her railway. I believe the distance from

Durban to Johannesburg is rather further than from Delagoa Bay. Besides Delagoa Bay is a far finer harbour, and the Natal railway gradients are so steep, and the curves so great (for instance it takes five and a half hours to do the seventy miles from Durban to Maritzburg, in which the rise is, I think, something like 3,000 feet), that its chance of successful competition will probably be much hampered thereby. I believe there are some difficult portions on the Delagoa Bay line, but I know no details.

East London, like most South African harbours, is cursed with a bar, and one lands here, too, in a tug, being dropped on to the tug from the steamer in a large basket cage; unless—which you would probably do—you like to risk your life and limbs, and dirty your clothes, by scrambling down the side of the steamer. The coast, which we hug, gets prettier after East London: I mean that, though perhaps the shapes were finer between Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, the actual hills were grassier, greener, more wooded, north of East London. The country was, to use the common expression, “park-like”; grass, with patches of bush, also woods or scrub, I could hardly see which. . . . Moisture begins to

appear in the sky, the air is damper and more oppressive, and on landing at Durban you feel you are in the tropics, at least in the sub-tropics. Bamboos, sugar-cane, pine-apples, bananas, &c., grow in the open air, and the vegetation is luxuriant. Durban is a large, wide-streeted, green, and on the whole pleasant town, covering (with the residences on the hill, called the Berea, behind) a very large area; but it is awfully hot and relaxing. The harbour would be a good one but for the bar; there is a good inner basin, but I think the water on the bar varies from 13 to 19 feet according to high or low water. However, they are considering how to get rid of the bar by new works, only the experts don't entirely agree; in fact one set want to prolong the north breakwater, the other the south breakwater. I am told the former plan is the correct one.

‘Natal strikes me as pastorally and agriculturally a much richer country than anything I have yet seen in Cape Colony, but of course I have not seen the north-eastern, eastern, and central districts of that country, which I am told are the rich ones. But the large numbers of natives here appear to be a great difficulty, half a million to between 50,000 and 60,000 whites.

‘I left Durban at ten yesterday morning for this place. The railway I have already partly described to you. At first, for a little bit, we go through low rich vegetation, but, as we mount, that gradually disappears, giving place to immense stretches of really beautiful mountain country, with broad grass slopes, on which there was a good proportion of stock. The air seemed very light and pleasant. . . . Here and there were native kraals; and there were also patches of mealies (Indian corn). There are lots of coolies in Natal, especially at Durban, and working on the railway; and the natives are a much finer race than those at Cape Town, or indeed, from what I saw of them, than those at Port Elizabeth and East London: they are Zulus, wear picturesque dress, have frank open countenances, and walk upright and erect. . . .

‘The questions of the day are Customs Union and Swaziland. The High Commissioner is to meet Krüger at Colesburg on April 18 to discuss Swaziland.

‘I leave here probably on Friday, April 14, for Johannesburg. . . . Then about the beginning of May to Mashonaland; I shall probably reach Salisbury about the end of that month.’

TO CAPTAIN MILLS.

SALISBURY, *June 25, 1893.*

‘. . . I last wrote to you from Maritzburg. From there I went by train, through very pretty hilly country, to Ladysmith, where I slept one night; going on next day early by train to Charlestown, past the hill of Majuba and Laing’s Nek. Majuba is a high hill just inside the Natal border. . . .

‘We reached Charlestown at twelve (about), and proceeded by coach to Johannesburg, 130 miles distant. We crossed the Transvaal border almost immediately. The prospect is very flat and dreary; a high treeless grass plateau, with here and there an odd-shaped “Koppie” rising straight out of the veld. . . . We reached Standeston at about eight, and, sleeping there till two a.m., started for Johannesburg via Heidelberg. We reached Johannesburg at six o’clock, and there found a bustling town, club, champagne, gas-lights, shops, &c., &c. . . . It is all very English, you hear and see hardly any Dutch; only the long ox-spans and waggons remind you of them. I went down two mines, the Robinson and Jubilee. . . .

‘From there I went to Pretoria. . . . Pretoria, though more Dutch than Johannesburg, is also

very English, and is prettily situated and well planted with trees. The country round is rather uninteresting, being, like most of South Africa in the dry season, very dry and arid in appearance. I believe this dryness is to some extent deceptive, as cattle and sheep do thrive in many parts of South Africa where any one accustomed to the green moisture of Europe would hardly expect it.

‘Politically, the English-speaking people are slowly but surely “eating up” the Transvaal. A certain distinction must, however, be drawn between “English-speaking” and “British.” English is the *lingua franca* of commerce, used by Germans, Dutch, and English; but partly owing to a feeling of disgust among the real English for having been deserted by the Imperial Government after Majuba, partly owing to German admixture, and partly owing to the fact that many of the speculators rather like an Alsatia, there is a feeling that, while discontented with the slowness and corruption . . . of the Dutch rule, they would prefer an English-speaking republic to being part of the Empire. There is, however, I believe, a strong party friendly to England (as witness the way “God save the Queen” is sung at Johannesburg . . .), and the centripetal tendency must, I think,

inevitably lead to a South African Federation, though we may have to wait a little bit for it. The Customs Union, Mint Union, and such things, are already spoken of, and the through communication with railways will accelerate the velocity of the centripetal force. There is no wish to come under direct Imperial rule, i. e. Downing Street, but with a federated South Africa, Australasia, and Canada, the larger question of Imperial Federation will be more ready for discussion. . . .’

July 8.

‘From Pretoria I went to Pietersberg, and thence with Cape cart and mule to Limpopo; Pietersberg is high and cold, but one gets into low feverish country between there and the Limpopo. The “fever tree,” which grows on the bank of that river, is a hideous-looking thing, with however a certain beauty. Pale-green bark, and darkish, bright-green leaves. The cart broke down at the Limpopo, which meant a delay of two days, and then we got to Tuli, in B. S. A. Co. territory, about thirty miles from the Limpopo. I came on from Tuli in a springless Scotch cart and oxen, with a Dutch driver, and a “boy,” i. e. a Kaffir or negro. “Boy” or “Kaffir” means a black of more or

less any race. As a matter of fact, the subject races here are Makalakas and Mashonas. . . . The ruling race here are the Matabili, of whom Lobengula is king; they are Zulus, who emigrated here in consequence of internal rows, under Moselikatze, Lobengula's father. The Zulus are, I believe, akin to the Kaffirs, but the Zulu is black, the Kaffir copper-coloured or "red."

'. . . From Tuli to Victoria by ox-cart; country "bushy," i.e. scrubby trees more or less thick, undulations more or less marked; and, here and again, Koppies, i.e. granite bosses on the surface of the earth, like an inverted cup.

'There are some stores along the road, but one generally sleeps on the veld, with a mackintosh sheet underneath, and blankets *à discrétion*. There is a good deal of fever between Tuli and Victoria in the wet season, as it lies low. But little game is seen on the roads; and the journey is tedious and monotonous. There is now, however, a quick service with mules just started, by which the journey to Victoria from Tuli takes two days instead of five or six. From Victoria to Salisbury is still by ox-cart, but that will be altered in August, when the mule service will come on here. Victoria is a small township; a few brick buildings, mud

huts, and some gold mines in the neighbourhood. Thence on to Salisbury, in six days; country not very different, but higher than from Tuli to Victoria, and in parts bare of trees. Salisbury is about five thousand feet high. This is the best and pleasantest place in Mashonaland to live in; we are highly civilized (for South Africa); we have brick Government buildings; a brick club; and altogether there are many brick buildings, which are rapidly supplanting mud huts. There are chapels and churches of various denominations; stores; . . . golf; a tennis court; a hospital; &c., &c., and a very pleasant set of people, though naturally a rowdy and disreputable element as well, but this is the case in all new countries. The town is practically divided into two geographical sections: the “Koppi,” where most of the business buildings at present are, and the “Causeway” or Government side, which is a much pleasanter and quieter place to live in, and has the Government buildings, club, post and telegraph office, bank and hospital. As regards the future prospects of the country, most people speak hopefully. . . . The climate is good enough at this time of the year. . . . Civilization, good houses, good and moderate eating and drinking, are the best safe-

guards against illness, which will probably get less and less as time goes on.

‘. . . Life in one place is on the whole very like life in another; one rather misses new books and magazines, but, with office hours from nine to five, one has not much time for reading, and the little one has is devoted to the newspapers. Let me hear . . . about anything interesting going on in England, political, scientific, military or otherwise; one is a little apt to lose touch with all this as time goes on, as somehow a paper six weeks old never seems quite to have the same interest.’

TO THE HON. MRS. WILLIAM HOWARD (AN AUNT).

SALISBURY, MASHONALAND,
July 7, 1893.

‘. . . I got here safely on March 26. . . .

‘. . . The country is much like a rough English park; the timber, however, is insignificant, but the prospect is usually pleasing, and the light is wonderful. In the undulating parts, the hills are of deep blue, and the boundless expanse and solitude give grandeur to a landscape that otherwise lacks it. . . .’

On his arrival at Salisbury, Hervey was ap-

pointed Secretary to the Law Department under the Public Prosecutor. His work, in consultation with his Chief, was that of enforcing rules of British law with an equal hand upon whites and blacks alike. It was a post for which the moral fearlessness of his nature, the judicial character of his mind, and his high sense of duty admirably qualified him. The career of Public Service for which he longed had at length opened to him, and he threw himself heart and soul into the responsibilities of ‘the white man’s burden.’

CHAPTER V

THE MATABELE WAR

(1893—1894)

HERVEY, however, had scarcely held his position for six months when the whole prospect was overclouded by the rising of the Matabele, their raids across the border into Mashonaland, and their capture of Mashona sheep and cattle.

Dr. Jameson found it necessary to drive the Matabele Raiders back across the border of Mashonaland with mounted men. In the course of their expulsion men were shot, and it became evident, and was generally recognized by the settlers of Mashonaland, that if the country was to become the home of Englishmen, and be brought under the rule of civilization, the Matabele must be subjugated.

Hervey was thoroughly convinced of the justice and necessity of an expedition being sent from Mashonaland to attack and conquer the Matabele. He offered his services to Dr. Jameson and was

most anxious to take part in the expedition, but, recognizing that his inexperience of veldt life rendered him less fitted than many others for a trooper's duties, he expected to be told off for duty in Salisbury.

Receiving no intimation from Dr. Jameson that his services would be required, he took no personal part in the organization of the expedition.

The preparations were far advanced when suddenly two leading men, who had been chosen as captains of troops, being dissatisfied with some of the arrangements, resigned their commissions and refused to join the expedition.

This action naturally had a bad effect on the rank and file. Burning with indignation against these men for withdrawing at the critical moment, Hervey took the only step open to him to show his displeasure, and as a protest, and for the sake of example, again offered himself as a trooper in Dr. Jameson's force.

TO CAPTAIN MILLS, R.E.

SALISBURY, MASHONALAND,
Sept. 2, 1893.

' . . . You may have seen in the papers that the Matabele are becoming troublesome, and will

have to be kept in order. A mounted force is for this purpose going into Matabeleland, part of which will go from here. I have joined this force and we start on September 5. . . . I have requested my brother (Algernon Hervey, Monasterevan, Ireland) to communicate at once with you in the event of my death, so as if possible to prevent your mother seeing anything suddenly in the paper, and so that you could take steps to break it to her. . . .

‘You didn’t think I was going to turn into a soldier, did you?!! . . .’

The way in which he acquitted himself as a trooper, and the impression he left on those by whose side he served, is made clear by the interesting accounts contributed by two men unknown to him at the time of his enlistment, but who from the date of their first acquaintance with him until his death were his loyal and devoted friends.

George Grey¹, who rendered services of the highest value to Rhodesia at the outbreak of the second Matabele rebellion, and whose name is a household word in Matabeleland for truthfulness, courage, judgment and capacity, writes as follows:—

‘I was a trooper in Hervey’s troop and was

¹ Brother of Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P.

one of a mess of four with Hervey, and so was constantly in his company during the whole campaign.

‘Physically he was not well fitted for the severe “roughing it,” and long monotonous duties which he had to go through; he was quite inexperienced in the management of horses and arms, and had practically never before camped out on the veldt.

‘He set himself, however, to learn everything that was required of him, and soon knew his drill and was as well up in all the duties of a trooper as any other of the recruits; and such was his spirit and determination that he never allowed lack of strength and physical weariness to hinder him from doing his full share of the work of the troop. In fact, I always considered that Hervey’s example had a very great and good moral effect on the rest, and that many men were absolutely ashamed to shirk duty, when they saw Hervey, much less fitted than they were, cheerfully doing his share.

‘With the troop he fought at the battles of Shangani and Bembesi, and, though there was no special opportunity for him to distinguish himself by any act of personal bravery, many of us recognized that Hervey was a man without fear, and

always ready to undertake any duty, however dangerous.

‘I had many long talks with him, and learnt that his ruling idea in life was Imperial extension, and that he was ready to devote his life to helping in Rhodes’ big scheme of extending the British Empire in Africa. He was a firm believer in Rhodes and Jameson, and in the uprightness and disinterestedness of their aims, and was always very angry with those who imputed bad motives to these men, or who cast a slur on the work of the Government of the Chartered Company.

‘The hardest times we had on this campaign came after the occupation of Bulawayo. Food ran short, and we had to live partly on what could be obtained from the natives, such as Kaffir corn and mealies; there was never any lack of quantity, but the quality was rough.

‘During the latter part of November and December we had to patrol in almost constant rain, and endured no little hardship in consequence. Perhaps the hardest physical test that Hervey went through was on the relief expedition sent to bring in Forbes’ Shangani patrol.

‘With others he rode out some twenty-five miles from Inyati to the relief of Forbes and his men,

and, giving up his horse to one of the patrol, himself walked back the twenty-five miles in the rain and the mud.

‘But throughout the whole war, whatever the discomfort, whatever the hardship or physical exertion to be undergone, Hervey’s spirit brought him through in a manner which surprised all who knew him, and gained for him their universal admiration and respect.

‘On the disbandment of the troops on December 23, 1893, Hervey and I, and four others, not wishing to accompany the main body on their slow return to Salisbury, struck out straight for Victoria, which was then the nearest settlement in Mashonaland.

‘We had four horses only among six men, and took a straight course across the veldt, the distance being 170 miles. The trip was a rough one, taking us eight and a half days; it rained almost continuously, and we found the rivers very difficult to cross; and to add to our difficulties two of our number had fever and had horses given up to them. We reached Victoria on December 31, and shortly after that proceeded to Salisbury by coach.’

Major Coryndon, who now represents Her Majesty’s Government and the British South Africa

Company in Barotseland as Deputy Administrator (a post to which Hervey was himself appointed, though he never lived to fill it), was a sergeant in Captain Heany's troop. Hubert Hervey and George Grey were troopers under him. He writes:—

‘This troop was made up, as in the case of the ordinary police and volunteer forces in Rhodesia, and I presume in other new countries, of all sorts and conditions of men; and of the forty-five men I know no one who would strike an observer as less qualified by nature and training to make a success of the rough work, and of what must have often been, to his exceedingly refined nature, very uncongenial society.

‘Yet the very first man to offer for a “fatigue,” or to volunteer for a guard, the very last to come with complaints to the non-coms., the nicest-mannered, and the most pleasant to work with, was the essentially gentlemanly Hubert Hervey. Never a word of grumbling during the longest and most exhausting night rides, never sulky or bad-tempered, always willing to make some dry, witty remark, and always ready to do another man's turn, he got to be known before the troops were disbanded as one of the best, as he was the most conscientious, of the troop.

‘His absolute integrity was of course too well known and valued to need any word from even an old friend, as I was (later) privileged to call myself.

‘He was such a genuine man that everybody would see it at once. He was certainly one of the best and most loyal servants the Company ever had.’

While at Bulawayo, Mr. Rhodes, hearing that Hervey was serving as a volunteer, and also of his gallantry in action, sent for him and thanked him personally for his services, and for the example he had given others.

‘I happened to be present at this interview,’ writes Capt. John Ponsonby¹, ‘and could see what pleasure it afforded Hervey to think that in any way his services should be recognized. We met very often during this time, riding together on patrols, and sleeping out on the veldt, often in the worst of weather, but I never heard him utter one word of complaint; though, serving as an ordinary trooper, he had a far harder time than myself or his other friends, who were serving as

¹ Captain Ponsonby, of the Coldstream Guards, son of the late General Sir Henry Ponsonby; now on special service under Colonel Martyr in Uganda.

officers. He suffered, I know, for several days from high fever, but never went sick, and managed in the end to overcome it, when others would certainly have given way.'

His letters to England at this time give an interesting account of his experiences, while well illustrating his dislike of over-statement, and his characteristic habit of making light of difficulties.

TO HIS SISTER, MISS MARY HERVEY.

VICTORIA, MASHONALAND,
Jan. 3, 1894.

'I find I have somewhat more time at my disposal than I thought, so perhaps you would like a rather more detailed account of our doings than in my previous letter, which you should get by the same mail as this. We left Salisbury, as you know, on September 5, and marched with the wagons to Charter, a distance of about sixty miles, in five days. We were delayed some little time at Charter, and spent the time quietly enough there. It was there that we met the horses, and from that time we were mounted. We did a certain amount of drilling there, and our arms were rifles and revolvers; some also had bayonets, but I did

not have that awkward weapon, as my rifle was a carbine, on to which a bayonet will not fix. We left Charter, as far as I can recollect, on October 2, and trekked in the direction of Bulawayo, doing from eight to twelve miles a day in two treks. We had advance guard, rear guard, and flanking parties, the wagons forming the centre, and being of course always laagered up whenever we stopped. We generally started about 5 a.m., after a cup of coffee; breakfasted (a solid meal) after the first trek, and moved again about 2 or 3 p.m., as it was important always to laager up before nightfall. "Last post" (bugle-call) went about 8.30, and "lights out" at 9, by which time we were in bed, i. e. sleeping on our waterproof sheets, with blankets, either on the ground, or on a wagon. We were all told off to our places in the Laager, or by a wagon, about sunset, so as to be ready in case of an alarm. We saw nothing of any enemy for some time, the first shots being fired by the scouts about half way to Bulawayo, just when we met the Victoria contingent, with whom we advanced from that point. What with seeing to our food, looking after our horses, pickets, and grazing guards, besides of course the actual marching, our

time was pretty well occupied. A few shots were exchanged by scouts after this, but we saw nothing of any fighting to speak of till after we had crossed the Shangani River, about fifty-five miles from Bulawayo. Fortunately we crossed this river unmolested, and laagered up a mile or two the other side.

‘Early the next morning a shot was heard ; the bugle sounded the alarm ; and in a minute we were all in our places in the wagons. By this time the bullets were beginning to whistle about, but the Matabele firing was very inaccurate and poor, and did hardly any damage. The attack was very easily repulsed and the laager never for a moment in danger. Then some of us were ordered out on a skirmishing party, but the Matabele in the bush were in too great force, and we retired again, after some firing, to the laager. Other skirmishing parties went out, and later we went out again, but had no fighting, and in the afternoon we were able to move on, the Matabele having retired. There was nothing much after this (though of course the scouts and sometimes the flankers may have fired a shot or two) till we got to the Bembesi River. They meant to have attacked us in the bush, but we, being warned by

the scouts, turned off at right angles, and laagered at mid-day in the open country, with bush on one side, about six hundred yards off. We had just finished luncheon, when the alarm sounded, and we saw niggers advancing out of the bush in considerable numbers, in skirmishing order. This attack included some of their best regiments, and was a more determined one than at the Shangani; but they were utterly unable to withstand the fire from the Maxims and Gardner guns, and from the rifles, and only a few of them had the courage to come anywhere near the laager, which again was never for a moment in danger. They were completely beaten off, and their best regiment smashed.

‘Two days after this our advance-party entered Bulawayo, and we followed the next day. We found Bulawayo quite deserted, having been previously set fire to by the Matabele themselves. The sensational account in the papers of the storming of Bulawayo is an absolute falsehood and invention, as not a shot was fired. Shortly afterwards, the British Bechuanaland Police and Raaff’s column from Tuli joined us at Bulawayo. Then came a period of patrols going all about the country, but there was very little fighting, except

on one patrol to the North under Major Forbes (I was not with this patrol), who had rather a tough bit of work, as the rains also hampered them. They had gone after the king, who, however, still remains uncaptured. They got back all right, but a small party of men got separated by crossing a river, and about that small party there is considerable anxiety¹.

‘The Matabele are completely crushed, disorganized, and defeated. They have no spirit or resistance left in them, and though possibly the garrison force (300 British-Bechuanaland Police and 150 British South Africa Company Police) may have to fire a few shots on police work, especially in the remoter northern districts, or if they get the fugitive king at bay, yet the war is essentially over and the work done. We, as you know, are disbanded, and I am no longer a soldier.’

TO CAPTAIN MILLS, R.E.

VICTORIA, MASHONALAND,
Jan. 3, 1894.

‘I got here all safe from Bulawayo last Saturday. We were disbanded about December 20, so that

¹ Major Alan Wilson’s party.

the military incident in my career is now closed, and I am again a harmless middle-aged civilian.

‘I went, as you know, with the Salisbury column in the capacity of a trooper, and certainly the experience has been most interesting. . . .

‘I think the whole affair is a good piece of business; it extends British territory over a fine country, and will doubtless consolidate and strengthen British influence throughout South Africa, and lessen native “troubles” generally. (Much rot talked in England about the “poor Matabele.” They were barbarous savages.)

‘I left Bulawayo, with five others, on December 22, and we came through here almost in a direct line. It was an interesting trip, being through comparatively little-known country, all perfectly safe. I calculated it to be about 165 miles, though others make it less, and we did it in eight and a half days. It was rather a relief to arrive here, and not to have to fetch wood and water, cook one’s food, clean up afterwards, &c. . . .

‘I was very fit and well the whole time, in spite of often being wet, as the rainy season had begun before the end of November. Before that, of course, the weather was hot and dry.

‘. . . I had a very satisfactory interview with

Rhodes at Bulawayo, and am from now to receive pay in the Chartered Company's Civil Service.

‘I shall always for every reason be glad that I joined the expedition, and added so interesting an experience to my life. Of course, also, one saw a good deal of new country, and got a general acquaintance with African ways and methods.’

TO MR. ARTHUR MILLS, BUDE.

SALISBURY, MASHONALAND,
Jan. 22, 1894.

‘Here I am safe back again. . . . I have settled to throw in my lot definitely with this country.

‘I am going soon (after the rainy season) to rush into brick and mortar, and build a little house. I am all the better in every way for the campaign.’

TO HIS BROTHER, THE REV. FREDERICK HERVEY.

SALISBURY, MASHONALAND,
March 8, 1894.

‘Just a line to say that I am all right. Everything pretty quiet here, and Dr. Jameson still at Bulawayo. Our latest news is that Lobengula has

died, by which the settlement of Matabeleland will probably be much facilitated.

‘You will be glad to hear they have handed over a new department to me—Records and Statistics. . . . This is of course very satisfactory, and as time goes on the Department is likely to be a growing one.’

CHAPTER VI

AT WORK UNDER JAMESON

(1894—1895)

BOTH Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jameson were anxious to give definite form to their appreciation of the loyalty and energy displayed by Hervey during the campaign. In recognition of his services, the formation of the new Department at Salisbury alluded to in the foregoing letter, that of Records and Statistics, was entrusted to him: a task for which his capacity for organization well fitted him. He held this appointment from March, 1894, till the outbreak of the second Matabele war, in 1896. From time to time during this period Dr. Jameson also made use of Hervey's services on special missions. The first of these took place in the early part of 1894, when he was sent to Gazaland, a country for the natural advantages of which he expressed the greatest admiration.

TO HIS BROTHER, MR. ALGERNON HERVEY.

SALISBURY CLUB, SALISBURY.

March 19, 1894.

‘I am off to-morrow for a tour round the country, to Umtali, then probably to Melsetter, and I may be away about three weeks, so there will probably be some little time before you hear from me. I am going . . . with the Acting Chief Commissioner of Police, and shall see a good deal of the country. I may be able to write to you from Umtali, but don’t be alarmed if I don’t, or if there is some little time before you hear again. . . .’

TO HIS SISTER.

SALISBURY, *May 13, 1894.*

‘I had a very jolly expedition to Gazaland, which is a beautiful mountain country, fresh and green. We were absent in all about five weeks, sleeping out on the veldt a great part of the time, riding about six hours of the day, and seeing lots of native “Kraals.” . . . I have been duly appointed “Statist to the Company” (!) and my Department is called the “Record and Statistical Department,”

which all sounds very fine ! But I really think it will give me the opportunity of learning lots about the country, and doing some good work. . . .

‘The bricks, or some of them, are already on my house plot. It is right on the edge of the township, so I shall not have my view interfered with for a long time. I am going to plant peach-trees, figs, vines, apricots, &c. . . .’

In June, 1894, Dr. Jameson sent him down to Chimoio to superintend and hasten the transport of goods, and of African Trans-Continental Telegraph material, from the head of the railway which was then in process of construction, in Portuguese territory, through the fly country, to Chimoio.

TO HIS SISTER.

SALISBURY, *June 16, 1894.*

‘I am off to Beira, and all that country, for about three months, on Tuesday next, 19th, on Company’s business, connected with the railway matters. . . .

‘I travel as follows:—

‘Here to Umtali, post-cart, three days ; Umtali to Chimoio, donkeys and “boys” (native carriers),

seventy-five miles; Chimoio to seventy-five mile peg (on railway), thirty-five mile walk ("fly" country); seventy-five mile peg to Fontesvilla, railway, seventy-five miles; Fontesvilla to Beira, forty miles, river steamer. I shall, however, very probably not travel through direct, and do not know how long I may be *en route*. . . . The weather is lovely, but cold, especially morning and evening, the sun being warm mid-day and afternoon. But I have fires all the morning, and often in the afternoon too.'

TO HIS SISTER.

DEVIL'S PASS (about 40 miles NNW. from Umtali),
Saturday, June 23, 1894.

' . . . I left Salisbury by post-cart on Tuesday afternoon, and arrived here by Thursday afternoon, where I am staying with Coope . . . who is in charge of the road-making, and has been making the road between the seventy-five mile peg on the railway and Umtali. There are lots of Kaffirs here, making the road, and others come in to trade, so it is a very African scene. Of course one travels far more comfortably than one could

on the Matabele expedition. I am writing in a tent, and sleep in a wagon; lovely weather, coldish at nights, a beautiful view of wooded hills near, and blue mountains beyond. . . .

‘I shall go on to Umtali to-morrow, reaching it the day after; Coope very kindly lending me donkeys and “boys,” as all Kaffirs are called. I am taking my own black servant with me to Chimoio and Beira; he talks English, and is civilized. The Kaffirs here are at present rigging up huts for Coope, and wonderfully they do it, and sing during their work. . . . I shall buy a couple of donkeys at Umtali, and, as I know a fellow who is going down with a wagon to Chimoio, I shall probably go with him, as it is far more comfortable, and time suits. . . . Down below, I expect to get bananas, oranges, &c., which will be a treat, as we rarely get fresh fruit, though we have plenty of fresh vegetables. . . . My letter from Soveral to Machado, the Portuguese Governor at Beira, will now come in useful. The country up to about here is not very interesting: “bush,” open “veldt,” granite hill, &c.; but there is very little variety in the scenery till here, when it begins to get pretty. Umtali itself is very pretty. . . . The whole scene here is very characteristic:

wagons, oxen, Kaffirs, bush and mountains, donkeys, and a tent. . . . I have taken a few books with me, three plays of Shakespeare, a Virgil, and some selections from Burke. You see, all this will bear reading and re-reading, and space is a consideration in the veldt. Of course, if one always has a wagon, one has more room, but it is difficult to take much in the post-cart. I have my papers sent on weekly, so I shall have the news (if they arrive safe). . . . As I told you, I hope I may get a little shooting, and have got two rifles with me, a Martini and a Winchester repeater. I shall enjoy seeing the sea again at Beira, I have not seen it for a year and a half, and one does miss big sheets of water, big rivers, and the sea, in this country. . . .

‘The grass fires have begun now, and though one does not see so much of them here, as the hills shut out the view except in one direction, and also there is more bush, yet near Salisbury it is quite curious, clouds and clouds of smoke in the day time, and at night the bright flames from the dry grass; the latter is a very pretty sight.

‘The finishing of my house is in the hands (as far as looking after it is concerned) of one or two friends, so that is all right. . . .’

75-MILE PEG (Terminus of Beira Railway),
July 15, 1894.

‘ . . . I came down to Umtali by post-cart, at least except the last 40 miles, as I wished to stop at a road-making camp on the way, where I stayed two days about. The camps are rather picturesque: ox-wagons, camp-fires, tents, and an *al fresco* gipsy sort of life. There is, however, a something wanting in African scenery; you have blue hills in the distance, wooded hills near, and at night (and that is the finest) a vast blue dome of stars; but whether it is water, or cultivation, or towns, something is wanting. Perhaps it is the English yearning for the sea. I am never quite happy too far from the sea, and here there are not even large lakes or mighty rivers, only the illimitable veldt and bush, composed mostly of rather scraggy trees. . . .

‘ Well, I stayed about five days at Umtali, and then came on here on what by courtesy is called a horse, which I left at Chimoio, 75 miles ESE. of Umtali. We mostly stopped at “stores,” little wayside hotels, where one sleeps in bamboo or “daga” (dry mud) huts. Besides my own servant I had eight carriers with me; these were Mashonas, and they can carry up to about 50 lbs. each. I saw

no game, and we were gradually descending into the lower country. Then after one night at Chimoio I came on here in three days (42 miles), twenty-two of which I did in an ox-wagon (a method of travelling somewhat trying to any but the most patient of temperaments), and from there walked on here. I expected it would be hot, but it is not; the mornings are frequently very cold, and even at mid-day the heat is not excessive or oppressive, though of course the sun is powerful. But it is much like what English fine weather might be in August, and to-day it is cloudy and cool. Of course it is mid-winter. This is a pretty little place, all bamboo huts, situated amid wooded hills, quite healthy this time of the year. I am staying at a very fair store kept by two Germans; I have my own hut: bamboo, then a limbo "ceiling" (limbo is calico) to prevent the bits of grass with which it is thatched littering the hut, and blue limbo all round the walls, and a blanket suspended for a door. Sheets are of course unknown, but I have my own blankets, and (Heaven be praised) my indiarubber bath.

'The place is busier now than ever before, or than it will ever be again, being for the moment the railway terminus; but the railway will be

opened another 43 miles (to Chimoio or thereabouts) next October, and then "Ichabod" will be written here. A traction-engine has just arrived (in fact that is in part why I was sent down here), and, though of course an experiment, I hope and think it will succeed. I went down for one night to Fontesvilla the other day, the eastern terminus of the railway (this is the western terminus). Then from Fontesvilla to Beira one goes by river-steamer; I mean to go to Beira to see it, but have not time at present. . . .'

'One is rather out of the world here as regards news, and posts are slow and uncertain. When I want to communicate quickly with Salisbury, I send a special runner (like the Middle Ages in England); and, even if I catch the Umtali-Salisbury mail, it takes about nine days. However, on August 8 an accelerated post service will be on from Salisbury to Chimoio.'

TO CAPTAIN MILLS, R.E.

75-MILE PEG (Beira Railway Terminus),
August 28, 1894.

' . . . If you are still in Canada you must write and tell me something about the Imperial confer-

ence. Are you as averse as ever to Imperial Federation? I believe in it, not necessarily in a cut-and-dried form at present, but I believe the idea is the only thing that will save England from sinking to a second- or third-rate Power, and, now that the Colonies (not a mere band of enthusiasts in London) have taken it up seriously, I do not see why it should not become an accomplished fact within a reasonable time. Imperial Defence on equal terms is, I think, the key-note of what should be attempted.

‘I have been reading a book (here of all places in the world!) that has interested me, and which I think would interest you, if you have not already read it: namely, Sinnett’s *Esoteric Buddhism*. Of course it is a mere outline, but it is very suggestive, and the system seems to contain much that is or at least might be true. I think one can hardly at present estimate the enormous influence that the meeting of Western and Eastern thought may produce. Hitherto we have too much neglected the latter, great as its influence seems to have been on Plato and, I suppose, Pythagoras. One criticism, however, one feels at once disposed to make; one wants some teleological end, or shortly a *τέλος*. It is not enough to hold out vistas of

unthinkable, but still limited, time; no amount of time, short of the infinite, constitutes eternity; and till some system can show us, or at least hint to us, what will be our eternal position (whether of perpetual progress, or merging into a perfect condition of rest when time will cease,—what one may call the Beatific Vision, to borrow from Christian theology—), so long will that system fail to satisfy. The idea of many lives and many re-incarnations seems reasonable, and one is inclined to believe it. But the idea (so far as I can make out) of an endless series of expansions and contractions of the universe, of night and day, so to speak, in the night of which all things will perish, previous to similar re-expansion, is unsatisfying. One craves for a continuity of consciousness, which may indeed be interrupted by a sleep, but not broken off. . . .

‘My train of thought has been seriously interrupted by a heavy shower, resulting in one or two rivers flowing through my hut! Still, I should like you to read the book, and let me know your ideas on it. Of course the whole system is highly mystical, but to a believer in Kant and the pure reason and the transcendental, that will be all right, though I daresay the scientific part of you

will object to the spiritualist part of it! Not that I have turned into a Spiritualist (yet!!), but I certainly think the book a suggestive one.

‘My visit down here will, I hope, soon draw to a close. I am trying to get 500 tons of telegraph material for the African Transcontinental Telegraph transported through the “fly” (tsetse), and have only very partially succeeded at present. I hope, however, to be able to return to Salisbury before long, having accomplished my task, or at least put it in a fair way of accomplishment.’

He was back at Salisbury by the middle of September. On October 1, 1894, the Civil Commissioner of Salisbury, Mr. H. Marshall Hole, one of Hervey’s most intimate and valued friends in South Africa, went on leave; and Hervey took over his duties from that date until Mr. Marshall Hole’s return, in July, 1895. In addition to being Statist, he now held the appointment of Acting Civil Commissioner and Acting Registrar of Deeds; and in the following summer that of Acting Magistrate of Salisbury.

In November, 1894, he was sent on a special mission to Gazaland, his second visit to that beautiful region, to report upon the country.

TO HIS SISTER.

MELSETTER, GAZALAND,

Dec. 3, 1894.

‘ . . . I left Salisbury about twelve days ago, and got to Umtali in five days. I remained one night at Umtali, and then came on here myself, two other white men, three horses, and fourteen blacks carrying our food, blankets, &c. We took four and a half days from Umtali here. Of course we always camped out (till we got here, to Moodie’s farm), and we had lovely weather. We usually started about half-past five, or a quarter to six, after having had “early coffee” (a universal institution in this country, at any rate when travelling in the veldt), and after the horses had had “mealies,” i.e. about four or five pounds of Indian corn. Then we travelled for about two hours, or two hours and a half, off-saddled and breakfasted; breakfast being bread, tea or coffee, tinned meats and jam, and cigarettes. Then on again, with a short halt and a cup of tea at mid-day, and then on again till towards evening. Of course there were frequent minor halts, to rest the carriers, &c. Then in the evening we made a “scarum,” i.e. a small oblong enclosure of green boughs, where we and the horses slept; the “boys,” i.e. Kaffirs,

sleeping in a scarum of their own, or as they pleased. The evening is the pleasantest time travelling; it is cool, the fire is cheerful, and one has not got to be thinking of going on again, so one quietly eats one's supper (much the same as breakfast), and smokes one's cigarette or cigar afterwards, reclining on blankets (with a waterproof sheet underneath one), and looking up at the wonderful stars. Then to sleep about nine. You will see it is a thoroughly healthy, frugal, and altogether pastoral, or Arcadian, or whatever-the-right-word-is life!

'We were travelling through hilly country, mainly well-watered, with generally a rather scrubby bush ("bush" means forest or wood here, not undergrowth); but as we approached Melsetter the bush ceased, we got higher up (top of pass about 6,800 feet) and the views were magnificent, blue mountains, sometimes extremely distant, round us. Some of the flowers were lovely, especially some great pinkish-white lilies, that grew in profusion in places. . . .

'I am beginning to talk a little rough Kaffir, but my capacities in that direction are very limited. My dress and equipment would amuse you: Bedford cord breeches, flannel shirt, tweed coat, a

slouch hat, a pair of field glasses . . . and a revolver, which one never uses. We had some delicious bathes in nice running streams, and very refreshing they were, for the sun is hottish at times. My nose is reddish-brown and peeling! Here I am being hospitably entertained at the farm.

‘I do not know exactly my further movements. . . . If (as is probable) I have to go further on from here, there will be no regular posts at all. We don’t expect regular communications.’

TO THE SAME.

SALISBURY, Dec. 27, 1894.

‘. . . I have just returned all right from Gazaland. You might send me Wilkinson’s *Ancient Egypt*, and Major Wingate’s book on the Soudan, by registered parcel post. . . .

‘You tell me about School-Board excitements, but, though I saw something about it, these things seem small, or rather very local, to us out here. From Mashonaland, and because of Mashonaland, South Africa will be federated, and when South Africa is federated we shall have taken a long step towards Federation of the Empire. . . .

‘My companion, Doyne, is at present away, bringing up six couple of hounds that have been sent out from England.

‘. . . My cucumbers are doing very well, and I have got a pine-apple that has condescended to grow. . .’

A quiet spell at Salisbury succeeded his return from Gazaland. I will make use of the pause to dwell for a few moments on the various friendships which helped to brighten the daily routine of his life.

His relations with George Grey and Coryndon have already been referred to when speaking of the first Matabele war. At Salisbury, though one or other of the circle might occasionally be absent for a while, the meetings were frequent in the little society of which Dr. Jameson was at this time the life and soul, and Lord and Lady Henry Paulet, Mr. Marshall Hole, and a few other prominent officials of the Chartered Company, leading lights. Two young Englishmen, May and Doyne, boarded with Hervey at his new house, thus lending to it the additional attraction of pleasant companionship.

Two friendships which grew to be amongst the

closest and most valued of his African connexions, and which were interwoven with Hervey's life down to the very end, date from this time.

Captain Scott Turner¹, who as Quartermaster on the Staff of Colonel Plumer in the second Matabele war and as Civil Commissioner and Magistrate of Umtali has rendered especially valuable service to the Administration, first met Hervey at Salisbury in 1894, and saw much of him during the period that immediately ensued. It was through Captain Turner that Hervey became acquainted with a couple of books which excited his liveliest interest and admiration: Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power on History*, and *Influence of Sea Power on the French Revolution and Empire*. It is perhaps almost sufficient to mention this fact to understand the links that drew them together.

The other friend, Mr. Jesser Coope, one of the most gallant and fearless men the Company has in its service, shall speak for himself. Coope sympathized with all Hervey's ideas, and shared his conviction that a man can have no greater privilege than to devote his energies, his health and his life, to the extension of the British Empire.

¹ Late Adjutant of the 42nd Highlanders, seconded for service in Rhodesia.

His testimony shows that Hervey's influence was not less invigorating and stimulating to the officials in Rhodesia than it had been to the clerks in the office at St. Swithin's Lane :—

‘I first met Hubert Hervey at Salisbury in Mashonaland, in January, 1894, just after his return from the Matabele war. Shortly after this I was laid up in the Salisbury Hospital for some weeks with a severe attack of malarial fever. During that time he came every day to see me, and, when I was too ill to talk, he would read to me for hours together. Shelley was his favourite author on these occasions. He was full of great ideas on the subject of Imperial federation and British supremacy. His travelling library then consisted of Dilke's *Greater Britain*, Mahan's two books, *The History of the Influence of Sea Power on the French Revolution* and *The History of Sea Power on History*, and *The Golden Treasury*.

‘He always had a great longing to explore the country, and absolutely loved the free gipsy-like life we led on the veldt ; and was never so happy as when, after a hard day's work, we lay beside our camp fire, our horses and native attendants forming a picturesque background. He would talk most brilliantly ; generally on his favourite topic

of British supremacy and the need of carrying on the government of Africa on the best possible lines. However tired or depressed I was, through illness, shortness of food, or overwork, one such evening spent with him on the veldt always acted on me like a tonic, inspiring me to do the best possible work myself, and encouraging me in a determination always to continue doing my best. . . .

‘I can especially recall one occasion on which he was in my camp *en route* to the East Coast, where he was going to arrange for transport through the “fly” country. He had little or no experience of the difficulties before him, but I remember him saying, “I shall listen to all I can hear from anybody who has had useful local experience, but in the end I shall do what I consider the best to be done at the moment. Until I find out personally what the difficulties are, it is useless to form plans how to overcome them. Having done the best I know, if I am not successful, I shall, at least, have the satisfaction of feeling that I have worked honestly.”’

Mr. Marshall Hole bears similar testimony to his love of veldt life. ‘A good talker,’ he says, ‘nothing delighted him so much as a long argument at night, or on the veldt, on some metaphysical problem

which he would propound; and, as he was a singularly rapid and lucid thinker, he would draw, with mischievous pleasure, his opponent into the meshes of some hopeless paradox, on purpose to help him out with a kindly word.

‘No one who had once gained his friendship ever willingly forfeited it, and those who were his friends will cherish his memory with an affection that will always remain.’

Meanwhile Hervey’s keen intelligence interested itself in every sort of local matter, from the better organization of the Club, on the Committee of which he sat, to experiments in African soil with all kinds of seeds and fruit-trees imported from England.

‘My recollections,’ writes Lady Henry Paulet, ‘are chiefly of those peaceful days at Salisbury. . . . I knew him best as the kindest and most hospitable of neighbours. . . . We had many and long conversations on the subject always nearest his heart and uppermost in his mind—the Empire and its expansion. To this, his whole life and energies were devoted; and, for this, no journey was too long, no risk too great, no hardship or privation too severe to be undertaken more than willingly—gladly. . . . In his own way, “John” Hervey¹

¹ His friends at Salisbury playfully nick-named him ‘John,’ from

was a great hero as well as a great gentleman. . . . In many, many ways we shall not see his like again.'

Mr. Seymour Fort, who was sometimes the companion of afternoon rides and evening discussions when at Salisbury, tells the same tale. Like every one else, he was deeply struck with Hervey's thoroughness, and with the way in which every prosaic detail of his daily life assumed a new significance as a step in the achievement of a great end.

In July, 1895, Hervey heard of the death of his early and constant friend, Mrs. Arthur Mills. He felt her loss deeply, as is evinced by the following letter, written to her son.

TO CAPTAIN MILLS, R.E.

SALISBURY, *July 14, 1895.*

'Your letter telling me of your mother's death reached me last mail. In a way, I was of course half expecting the news every week, but I feel that the world is poorer now that her noble life on earth has ceased. I say "on earth," because,

a resemblance they traced in his marked individuality to that of his ancestor, the memoir-writer, John, Lord Hervey.

though I do not know what may be hereafter, yet, through the darkness, I hold to the hope of, almost the belief in, immortality. She was like a second mother to me, and I loved her deeply.

‘Her life stands out like a beacon; one has but to think of her, and one’s belief in all that is great and noble is strengthened, and meanness and cynicism shrink into nothing; one’s whole estimate of human nature is raised. Religion without a particle of dreariness, true breadth of view and toleration, unswerving principle and deep tenderness, were the key-notes and essence of her character; and perhaps most of all a deep and wide sympathy with all, but a sympathy that never degenerated into weakness. . . .

‘Let us join in hoping that it is not all “vanity of vanities,” but that an immortality exists where we may meet again those we loved on earth.’

It was characteristic of Hervey always to restrain his words rather within his feeling, than to exceed its bounds by effulgent expression. This arose partly from his innate dislike of exaggeration, partly from the extreme sensitiveness of his nature, which rarely threw off a certain reserve, even in intimate utterance. But no one who

knew him well can doubt that the idea of immortality, without taking any definite doctrinal form (which would have been foreign to his nature), was amongst the most sacredly cherished of all his religious convictions. In argument with a companion, who was upholding the theory that right action was unaffected by questions of a future state, he once replied that he did not see on what our whole system of ethics would rest if there were no life beyond the grave.

‘His religion,’ says Captain Mills, ‘was like much of his life: the soul too great for the body. No organized religious system altogether satisfied him. But he respected the good religion which satisfied others, and more, he longed for it. Doubt, in his case, was not only honest, it was painful.

‘He often spoke of “The Church,” the ideal of visible ecclesiastical unity, as a grand one, though not one in which he could himself believe. He would dwell particularly on the historical view of the idea of ecclesiastical unity having arisen out of the visible political unity of the Roman Empire; and, thinking over the matter now, I expect his admiration for the Church ideal was more political than spiritual. His real religion was in his life, in his long patient struggle against

weak health, his cheerfulness under depressing circumstances, his careful consideration for the feelings of others, his deep, devout admiration for self-sacrifice, disinterestedness, and noble actions of all kinds, whether on the stage of the world, or in the dullness of daily routine.

‘He would speak, as it were, between his teeth, when praising some noble act which had moved him. The feeling was real; but he so dreaded lest by cant of some kind he should gild the pure gold, that he would restrain himself when most admiring.’

During the greater part of 1895 he was kept at Salisbury by his duties. His home letters at this time were chiefly occupied with the serious illness of his brother Algernon, which was causing him the gravest concern. He received six months’ leave, and was most anxious to go to England in order to satisfy himself as to the condition of his brother, to whom he was deeply attached. But the widely-spread feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction which then prevailed in South Africa, owing to the state of affairs in the Transvaal, and the general belief that an explosion of some sort was impending, made him hesitate

to absent himself from the country at a moment when his services might be in demand. More than once he went to Dr. Jameson, begging not to be allowed to go to England if any immediate emergency were anticipated. Dr. Jameson assured him that the Police might be for months in a position of stationary inactivity, and strongly urged him to take his well-earned holiday. Tranquillized on this point, he accordingly started for England, where he arrived on November 10, 1895, after nearly three years' absence.

All who saw him during his brief sojourn at home were astonished at the robust appearance produced in him by the open-air life of the veldt. His former look of delicacy had given place to one of wiry health and activity.

Shortly after his arrival in England he was selected by the Company to represent them as the first Deputy Administrator of Barotseland, with orders to proceed there on the expiration of his leave, and to make the best arrangement in his power with King Lewanika for bringing that portion of Africa under the rule of civilization.

He was much pleased at the prospect of this new and responsible work, and at the proof of confidence in him implied by his selection for

so important a post. He threw himself heart and soul, while in London, into the preparations necessary for his expedition to Lialui, which occupied most of the intervals of his visits to relations and friends. He hoped to be able to persuade Coryndon, George Grey, and Jesser Coope to accompany him. With their assistance he felt sure he would be able to do good work both for the natives and for England.

After a family gathering at Sandringham Rectory, he spent Christmas, 1895, at the sea-side, with his brother Algernon, and his sister. His mind was full of his future plans, and of African problems and interests in all shapes. But hardly two months of his leave had expired when the thrilling news came of Jameson's incursion into the Transvaal. It acted upon him like an electric shock. Recognizing that the crisis was one in which it was desirable that every man should be at his post, he offered the Directors, if they wished it, to go back at once to Rhodesia. On their accepting his offer, he cut short his leave, and on January 11 sailed once more for the Cape. On arriving in Africa, after a short delay at Cape Town, he made his way to Bulawayo.

TO HIS SISTER.

BULAWAYO, *March 8, 1896.*

‘I got here all right yesterday, having ridden up from Palapye (220 miles). I went from Mafeking to Palapye by coach. . . . As regards politics, England is slow to move, and therein has been one secret of her success,—she is not always entangling herself in the intrigues of Continental politics,—but when roused she is, and always has been, determined. . . . However, as long as we keep a strong Navy, and a firm front, we shall be all right.’

CHAPTER VII

THE MATABELE REBELLION

(1896—1897)

FROM Bulawayo he rode up to Salisbury to meet Mr. Rhodes, who was coming across from Beira. Hardly had he reached Salisbury when the Matabele rebellion broke out. Hervey, who was holding the appointment of Intelligence Officer in the Rhodesian Horse, at once volunteered for active service. He received a commission in Colonel Beal's force, and, at his own request, joined the scouts (commanded by Captain Arthur Eyre), whose work was the most dangerous and, consequently, to him the most fascinating of all.

During the three weeks he remained at Salisbury he was hospitably entertained by his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Hole. In conversations with the former, he, at this time, so frequently expressed the opinion that death in action was the most splendid that could befall a man, that

it afterwards seemed to the listeners almost like a presage of coming events.

His thoughts, however, were keenly occupied with plans for his future work in Barotseland. At Salisbury he saw Major Coryndon and asked him to join the expedition as guide and hunter, which Coryndon accepted.¹

On April 10, the Salisbury Column, escorting Mr. Rhodes, started on its march. The brief messages from the field that Hervey was able to write home to his sister record the progress of the expedition.

TO HIS SISTER.

SALISBURY, *April 1, 1896.*

‘The native rising in Matabeleland has assumed more serious proportions. . . . It has been decided to reinforce the white people and the forces in Matabeleland with an expedition from here, which I shall accompany. . . .’

SALISBURY, *April 9, 1896.*

‘We are off to-morrow, and shall probably take about a fortnight getting to Gwelo (about 170 miles

¹ Major Coryndon was, on Hervey’s death, appointed to the Barotseland mission in his place.

from here), from whence onward the country is very disturbed. As you will have heard from the papers, there have been several engagements. It is absolutely necessary to suppress this native rising. I told you in another letter that I have a commission, and I shall be with the scouts; Eyre is in command of them, Beal is in command of the Salisbury lot. There is no cause for undue anxiety, and all will end right. But of course we may see some fighting. . . . Be quite cheerful about me, as we shall have a very good time. . . . I am of course mounted. . . .’

GWELO TOWNSHIP, *May 10, 1896.*

‘. . . We have arrived all safe at Gwelo and I have not seen a shot fired, though a few shots have been fired. Most of the column have gone out to Mavene, about twenty-five miles north-west of this, where the Matabele are supposed to be in force, but I think it is quite on the cards they may return without any fighting to speak of. Of course I should have liked to have gone too, but I had to stay behind to take care of the few men of the Salisbury column who did not go.

‘. . . I expect we shall be moving on to the Shangani drift (i.e. where the road to Bulawayo

crosses the Shangani river) in a few days, to meet a force of 500 (white) men who are advancing to join us from Bulawayo under Napier. I do not expect there will be many Matabele there, as I think they are all clearing off away to the north-west, down the lower Gwelo and lower Shangani. . . . After we get to the Shangani, our movements are uncertain. . . . Well, good-bye. I dare say (alas!) I shall not see a shot fired the whole time. . . .’

The junction was duly effected; and, when the column reached Filabusi, Hervey left with Mr. Rhodes, escorted by Napier’s column, for Bulawayo.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP NEAR BELINGWE ROAD (about 50 miles ENE.
of Bulawayo), *May 25, 1896.*

‘. . . I expect we shall get to Bulawayo in about five days. After that, it is uncertain what will happen, but I shall be able, I expect, to write to you from there, as the mail route to the south is, I believe, open. The crisis of the rebellion is over, but much work still remains to be done. The bulk of this will however be done by a permanent force, I expect.’

BULAWAYO, *June 1, 1896.*

‘I have arrived safely at Bulawayo. The Salisbury column went out for a few days’ longer patrol, but, as I wanted to get in, I came through with the Bulawayo column, which met us on the Shangani. . . . I think the main force of the rebellion is quelled, but a lot of work remains to be done, as it would certainly be unsafe to travel about the country at present alone, or with only two or three companions.

‘The mail route to Salisbury is still closed, that is, between here and Salisbury. There is not much news. Salisbury, Bulawayo, Gwelo, and all townships are perfectly safe, but the natives still hold a good deal of the open country. The great difficulty is that they won’t stay to fight any large force, so that the whole thing is being gradually reduced to a tedious guerrilla warfare. . . .’

I had myself reached Bulawayo shortly before, and on Hervey’s arrival I selected him for the office of Paymaster of the various forces engaged in putting down the rebellion.

Hervey was most anxious to remain on active service, and much disliked the necessity of remaining in the town while the rebellion was still

unsubdued, and his friends were risking their lives on the veldt. But on my representing to him that I wanted the best man that could be found for this important post, the duties of which, owing to the number of troops in the field, and the different commands, were most complex and difficult, and that in my opinion he was the best man I could obtain, he accepted the task without complaint; his only object being to assist the Administration in the manner in which his services could be of the greatest help.

TO HIS SISTER.

BULAWAYO, *June 16, 1896.*

‘. . . You need not be anxious now that I am Paymaster; I am not campaigning, and Bulawayo itself is as safe as Piccadilly.’

PAYMASTER-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT, BULAWAYO,
June 19, 1896.

‘Two mails go weekly to Cape Town, but in the present uncertain state of the posts it is not always sure that a given mail will catch a given boat, so I sometimes write to you by both mails, so as to be sure of catching the earliest boat.’

Therefore you will sometimes get two letters by one mail.

‘We now hear of the murder of white people by natives in Mashonaland! . . . This means that Mashonaland too is unsafe, in the outlying districts, for prospectors, miners, and farmers.

‘The country is indeed having a trying time of it. The towns are always, however, perfectly safe. I am very well.’

BULAWAYO, *July 3, 1896.*

‘A hurried line to say I am all right. Part of the forces (the Bulawayo Field Force) is being disbanded, so I am awfully busy for a bit. A new police force is being formed to replace it. No particular news. . . .’

BULAWAYO, *July 6, 1896.*

‘I have just got your letter of June 5. . . . It is just possible we may get news to-day or to-morrow that Colonel Plumer’s force, who have gone north to Thamas Imambi, may have a fight, but I doubt it; I think the Matabele will clear. The next move will probably be against the Matoppos Hills. . . .’

BULAWAYO, *July 9, 1896.*

‘Nothing much to chronicle. It is of no use

my telling you that such and such a column has had a brush with Matabele, for you see it by cable in the "Times" weeks before my letter arrives. Colonel Plumer's force has, however, had a fight, and captured some grain and cattle. . . .'

About this time, in looking through a parcel of books and newspapers which had been sent to him, long before, by a friend in England, but which in the vicissitudes of his African life had never been opened, he came across a letter in which the dangers he had undergone in the first Matabele war were sympathetically alluded to. His answer is too characteristic to be omitted.

BULAWAYO, (about) *July 15, 1896.*

'I am writing to thank you for your letter of April 12, 1894! I found it the other day inside one of the "Punches" you so kindly sent me. I received them . . . last October, but, as I was then travelling through, I never have had any time till now to look at them properly. . . . I do not know if you will remember all you wrote, but really as regards being "face to face with death," that we all are always, and in the war of 1893 the newspaper accounts and pictures were (as

now also) so exaggerated that things were made to seem a great deal more dangerous than they really were. In this present business, I have not seen a shot fired ; but, after all, why is a bullet going within a yard or two more dangerous than a hansom cab nearly running one over as it passes a corner ?'

During the seven weeks that he spent in Bulawayo, he found himself among many old comrades. He stayed with George Grey until the latter's departure for England at the end of July. Jesser Coope, too, was there ; and Captain Scott Turner, with whom as Quarter-Master of Colonel Plumer's column he had continual business relations, saw him frequently¹ ; and many other friends, all actively engaged in the military operations for the suppression of the rebellion. They tell of long evening walks when off duty, and frequent conversations on the subjects Hervey loved to dwell upon.

I had more than one long ride and intimate

¹ Captain Turner relates a characteristic anecdote of a conversation which had taken place between himself and Hervey one morning in Col. Plumer's camp ; when, in answer to some remark, Hervey laughingly exclaimed that if he were convinced that Rhodes was not a true Imperialist he would go straight off and shoot him !

talk with Hervey at this time, and was greatly impressed by his high ideals, by his earnestness, and by the scope and proportion of his views. His personal acquaintance with administrative difficulties and requirements led him to attach the greatest importance to the introduction of a little red-tape into our methods of administration, and as he fully realized the necessity of establishing the administration on the basis of departmental responsibility, which was the special object I had in view in accepting for a time the office of Administrator, his companionship and talk were to me of the greatest assistance.

‘I am confident,’ he writes to his sister on July 12, ‘that sooner or later the whole of South Africa will be federated under British protection.’

He was longing all this time to get out in the field, whenever his services as Paymaster could be dispensed with. As soon as I was satisfied that the duties for which he was responsible could be safely entrusted to the officer¹ who became his successor, I relieved him from a post which I was aware was irksome to him, and Hervey, like a boy released from school, hurried to the front.

¹ Major Everett.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LAST FIGHT

(1896)

For some time past it had become evident that no real progress could be made with the war until the Matabele had been dislodged, either by diplomacy or by arms, from the strongholds in the Matoppo Hills in which they had taken refuge. This was the difficult and anxious task now confronting the leaders of the campaign; and on July 24 Hervey joined the forces to take part in these operations. His spirits rose in proportion to the danger.

TO HIS SISTER.

BULAWAYO, *July 23, 1896.*

‘I had half thought of not telling you that I am off again, for a fortnight anyhow, on active service. . . . I am delighted. . . . You see I am telling you, because I think the most uncomfort-

able position is to feel that anyone at a distance is concealing anything. . . . I am going to-morrow to the Matoppos, where General Carrington and Colonel Plumer are in command. I have lots of friends there. . . . I am so pleased to get to active service again. . . . All this was only settled to-day. . . .’

General Carrington, to whom he had applied, sent him out to the column under Colonel Plumer, who gave him command of one of the detachments of his corps. It was composed of a small section of white men who had voluntarily enlisted with Robertson’s Cape Boys, but who had recently petitioned General Carrington to be formed into a separate troop. Later a small number of the Bulawayo Field Force was incorporated with them, making about fifty in all, under Hervey’s command.

Taking the greatest interest in his work and his men, he very soon won their confidence and affection, and led them throughout the marching and fighting of July 31, and of the early days of August.



HUBERT HERVEY'S GRAVE.

TO HIS SISTER.

COLONEL PLUMER'S COLUMN, NEAR MATOPPO HILLS,
July 29, 1896.

‘I am out here for the present, and am very well. We are moving on next Friday, but you need not be anxious about me. Of course, we may have a little fighting, but that will be over (this particular bit of fighting, anyhow) long before you get this letter, so that, if I were at all hurt, you would hear about it by cable long before you get this¹. Lovely weather. I am in a very pleasant mess (Colonel Plumer's), and Turner, Coope, and other old friends are here. . . . This is quite a picnic. . . .’

Mr. Jesser Coope tells of Hervey's boyish delight in the brief period of campaigning which preceded the last fight. He often discussed with Coope, who was his constant companion during these days, the expedition to Barotseland, which lay before him as soon as order was restored, dwelling with eager enthusiasm on the work he hoped to accomplish there.

On August 1 Colonel Plumer's column marched

¹ This letter and six others reached his sister after the news of his death.

from Usher's Farm, and engaged the rebels at the head of Umchabaze valley, in the Matoppos. On the 2nd they moved along the hills, and drove the enemy out of the caves at Nyanda's mountain, proceeding thence up the Tuli road to Dawson's Store, where they camped. It was a long and exhausting day, but Hervey was in the highest spirits, and apparently incapable of feeling fatigue.

The next day, August 3, was one of rest, after the rather severe exertions of the two preceding ones; and this is the date of his last letter to England. It visibly reflects the buoyant state of mind in which it was written.

TO HIS SISTER.

COLONEL PLUMER'S COLUMN, UMSINGWANE RIVER,
MATOPPO HILLS (about 35 miles SE. of Bulawayo),
August 3, 1896.

'The above description will tell you whereabouts we are. . . . I am very well and thoroughly enjoying the picnic. We shelled some kopjes yesterday, but there was very little firing otherwise, and only one man slightly wounded on our side. The weather is lovely, a little cold just in the early mornings sometimes, but otherwise very pleasant.

I have not much news for you. . . . The Matoppos are a difficult country ; rocky kopjes, with caves in them, in which the Matabele can hide Our mess has, among others, Turner, whom you will recollect my going to see in London. Colonel Plumer is in command ; Colonel Baden-Powell (known in Ashanti) chief of the staff. It is really a delightful picnic. . . . We generally get up about 5.30, breakfast about 8 (early cocoa at 6) ; lunch 12 ; dinner 7 ; bed 8.30 or 9. It is very pretty country all about the hills, and day after day comes with certainty of a cloudless sky and a brilliant sun. . . .’

Early on August 4 the column marched to a spot called Sugar Bush Camp (where Fort Umlugulu now stands), continuing the march before day-break on the 5th in order to attack the rebel chiefs, Umlugulu and Sikombo, in the Matoppos Hills. At about 6.15 a.m. the force halted in a space between two big, bald-headed kopjes, opening into a valley, beyond which lay Umlugulu’s and Sikombo’s mountain. Colonel Plumer then sent all the dismounted men, including Hervey’s detachment, forward with the guns, Captain Beresford being in command. About an hour later Beresford’s force was suddenly sur-

rounded and attacked by a large body of the enemy, a mass of whom, on high ground above our men, were able to fire at short range into their ranks. To put a stop to this, Hervey was ordered to occupy a ridge ; and, dashing forward at the head of his men, fell mortally wounded as he led them up the kopje.

He was laid on a stretcher in the shelter of two large rocks. He told the men to go on fighting and see to him afterwards. From the moment he was hit, he was calm and unconcerned, although from the first he knew there was no hope of his recovery.

Meanwhile the engagement had become general. Jesser Coope, with his scouts, was unable to penetrate to Beresford, who signalled to him that he was heavily pressed, and that Hervey was severely wounded. In another hour reinforcements had come up, and Coope had time to go to Hervey for a few minutes. He found him perfectly conscious and collected, and able to give his own directions about the cable-message to be sent home to his family. His only trouble was that they should be distressed ; his only thought to break the news to them as gently as possible. For himself not a pang, still less a fear. All who saw him were

struck by his complete serenity of demeanour; that inner serenity of the strong and pure soul which no outward event, not even the coming of death, could cloud or disturb.

Mr. Weston Jarvis was with him when Coope came up. Hervey did not seem then to be in much pain. He remarked on the strangeness of the nerves, saying that, although shot in the body, all he felt was an aching in the legs.

The fight meanwhile had spread, and was at its height all round. Some idea of its stubborn character may be gathered from the fact that five impiis had been combined under the prime leaders of the rebellion, Umlugulu and Sikombo, for a final blow.

The engagement, which was one of the most important of the war, eventually resulted in the complete rout of the Matabele. But the difficult and exposed nature of the ground, and the numerical inequality, caused a heavy list of casualties on our side, in proportion to the forces engaged. At eleven o'clock Major Kershaw was shot dead while storming the range of hills to the left. Robertson's attack was made at twelve o'clock, Baden-Powell's half an hour later, and at one o'clock the Matabele were in full flight. The

enemy's total force was estimated at 4,000 men, and their losses at from 200 to 300. Our force numbered 760, of whom six were killed and fifteen wounded.

After the fight was over, several of Hervey's friends were able to go and speak to him. Amongst them were Colonel Plumer and Captain Scott Turner. 'He asked me all about the details of the fight,' writes Colonel Plumer, 'and when I told him we had inflicted a pretty severe defeat on the rebels he said, "Oh, that is all right; I don't mind a bit now." He knew quite well he was dying, and the way he faced death is a lesson to us all. . . . You will have had many tributes to his memory from those who had known him longer than I had; but, though I had known him for only a short time, it was sufficient for me to be able to appreciate his character, and to thoroughly respect and admire him.'

When Coope rejoined the column at about six o'clock in the evening, he found Hervey looking so much better than in the morning that it was hard for lookers-on to believe the sad truth that there was no hope for him.

The white men volunteered to carry him back to camp, a long march, to save him from the

jolting of the wagon. With his usual unselfishness, he tried to dissuade them from doing so, knowing that they were tired out with the day's work; thanking them for their services when they persisted in their kind intention. Notwithstanding the jar of the rough ground, which must often have given him severe pain, he was perfectly composed, and spoke with cheerfulness to the friends who came up to see him. To one of them he said in his most playful manner, 'Who knows but that I may soon be pegging out claims for England in Jupiter!'

And it was now as he was being carried back, a dying man, to the camp which he had left, so full of life and vigour, in the morning, that he uttered those words which have already become a proverb wherever his name is known: 'Well, it is a grand thing to die for the expansion of the Empire!'

'Words,' says one of his greatest friends, 'that may well be called more than striking. Such a death is inspiring to those who still live. Such words may echo in the hearts of those who never knew the man.'

It was after dark when they reached camp. Everything possible was then done for him by

Doctors Michell and Lunan, but from the first it had been clear that recovery was impossible.

Captain Scott Turner visited him at about nine o'clock that evening. 'Everybody who met him,' writes Captain Turner, 'between the day he joined the column and his death respected him, and all those who were brought into contact with him after his terrible wound bear witness to his unflinching courage and gentleness.'

All that night from the 5th to the 6th of August, his devoted friend, Mr. Jesser Coope, watched by him and tended him. He slept well, and was comfortable and free from pain when he awoke in the morning. He did not talk much, dozing quietly most of the time. But when awake he was perfectly conscious, and, as ever, full of consideration for others. By Jesser Coope he sent messages to each of those at home, not forgetting his mother's old maid, a faithful servant of forty years' standing.

In the course of the morning he asked to see Mr. Rhodes, who with Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington and Colonel Plumer visited him as he lay dying. The thought of his sister was uppermost in his mind. He asked Mr. Rhodes whether the Company meant to give any pensions, and

begged that, if this were the case, whatever he would have been entitled to might be given to her. On receiving Mr. Rhodes's promise that his wish should be fulfilled, his whole face cleared and lighted up. He looked, as Mr. Rhodes described it, 'quite happy.'

Those who saw him at that supreme moment were deeply struck by the perfect unselfishness and fearlessness which characterized him in death as in life.

'He never thought of himself,' said Mr. Rhodes in narrating the story of that last interview, 'he was without self. . . . He was without fear, he did not know fear,—and without self. . . . I knew him very well. That feeling about the Empire was the ideal of his life. There is a great deal of talk about the Imperial idea, but unhappily self is so often beneath it. That is where it is; people say all this, but self is so often at the bottom of it. With him it was *absolutely pure*: it was a true and selfless ideal. . . .

'I should like that trait of his thought for his sister, half an hour before he died, to be added to the memoir. It shows his utter unselfishness. There may be cynical people who will say about the Imperial part "Oh yes—we know—it is

generally a cover for self." But when they see that, half an hour before death, he had still no thought about himself, that all his thought was for others, they will feel that there was no self in him. Half an hour before death! I had gone to him wondering what he wished—other men might have had other thoughts—but his were still, even then, only for others. . . .'

When, an hour or so after the interview, Mr. Rhodes was told of his death, it seemed almost impossible to believe the tidings, so vigorous had every faculty appeared but a short time previously. The end came very peacefully. He had been sleeping quietly for some time, and Mr. Coope was waiting by him, expecting him to wake. At about twenty minutes after mid-day, Dr. Lunan came through, and, glancing at his face, said all was over. So gently did Hervey's brave spirit pass into eternity.

He was buried just before sun-down on the same day, August 6, 1896, by the side of Major Kershaw and the others who had fallen in the same action. In a beautiful spot beneath spreading trees, on the western side of the Tuli-Bulawayo road, some six miles below where it crosses the Umsingwane River, is the little cemetery (now

enclosed) where Hubert Hervey was laid to his last rest.

Six officers, Captains Beresford, Carden, Whitaker, Coope, and the two Llewellyns¹, bore him to his grave. Captain Scott Turner took charge of the volley-firing and salutes. Colonel Plumer read the service, and General Carrington, Mr. Rhodes, and every officer and man attended.

‘He was indeed a friend to be proud of,’ writes Mr. Jesser Coope, ‘so honest, so brave, so gentle! Kind and thoughtful for all. I cannot ever remember having heard him say one unkind word of anybody, but I was constantly surprised by the number of his kind actions, which, unknown to himself, came under my observation.

‘When the sad news of his having fallen mortally wounded while gallantly leading on his men to the charge was signalled to me, I knew he had given his life to his country, doing, as was always the case with him, what he considered the best thing at the moment.

‘He was one of the Nelson type of Englishmen who, all over the world, having sacrificed themselves for “duty,” have made the British Empire

¹ All these officers, with the exception of Captain Beresford, were men who had known Hervey since he first arrived in Rhodesia.

what it is to-day. *Duty*—not self-interest nor even expediency—was always his incentive to work ; and, such being the case, it is not surprising that he won the love, respect, and admiration of all who knew him.'

† IN MEMORY OF
HUBERT JOHN ANTONY HERVEY,
YOUNGEST SON OF LORD AND LADY ALFRED HERVEY,
AND BROTHER OF THE REV. CANON HERVEY, RECTOR OF SANDRINGHAM.
BORN MAY 19TH 1850. DIED AUGUST 6TH 1896,
FROM WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION THE PREVIOUS DAY
IN THE MATOPPO HILLS, SOUTH AFRICA, WHEN GALLANTLY
SERVING AS A VOLUNTEER IN THE MATABELE WAR.
ALBERT EDWARD. P. POSUIT.

TABLET ERECTED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SANDRINGHAM CHURCH.

APPENDIX

THE news of Hubert Hervey's death was received with feelings of genuine and heartfelt distress by all who knew him. Messages of sympathy poured in on his relations; from the kind letter of condolence addressed to Canon Hervey by command of the Queen to the tributes of far-distant friends, not less deeply valued because in some instances the writers were wholly unknown to the recipients.

The Prince of Wales, who had taken a warm personal interest in Hervey's career, spoke of his 'heroic death,' in the sympathetic letter addressed to Hervey's eldest brother, and has since raised a monument to his memory in a brass tablet placed in Sandringham Church, on which the following words are inscribed:



IN MEMORY OF

HUBERT JOHN ANTONY HERVEY

YOUNGEST SON OF LORD AND LADY ALFRED HERVEY
AND BROTHER OF THE REV. CANON HERVEY, RECTOR OF SANDRINGHAM

BORN MAY 19, 1859. DIED AUGUST 6, 1896

FROM WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION THE PREVIOUS DAY IN THE MATOPPO
HILLS, SOUTH AFRICA, WHEN GALLANTLY SERVING AS A VOLUNTEER IN
THE MATABELE WAR.

ALBERT EDWARD P. POSUIT.

Hervey's many personal friends have united in the erection of a memorial bronze, of great beauty and almost indestructible workmanship, in that country for which he laid down his life. No more fitting spot could have been chosen for it than in the Memorial Hospital at Bulawayo.

The following is a list of the names of some of those who subscribed to it:—

Rt. Hon. C. J. RHODES.	HAMON LE STRANGE, Esq.
Earl GREY.	F. A. NEWDIGATE, Esq.
Lord FRANCIS HERVEY.	M. EUAN-SMITH, Esq., M.P.
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Lady MONTAGU of Beaulieu.	H. WILSON FOX, Esq.
Capt. J. A. C. GIBBS.	JOHN FRY, Esq.
E. C. ATHERTON BYROM, Esq.	

The inscription runs as follows:—

CIVIS BRITANNICUS SUM
HUBERT JOHN ANTONY HERVEY
BORN MAY 19, 1859
YOUNGEST SON OF LORD ALFRED HERVEY
EDUCATED AT ETON AND AT TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
LIEUTENANT IN THE RHODESIA HORSE
DIED OF WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION IN THE
MATOPPO HILLS, MATABELELAND
AUGUST 6, 1896

SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE

A Cross has been placed by Hervey's family over the grave at Umlugulu, bearing the following inscription :—

TO THE MEMORY
HONOURED AND MUCH LOVED
OF
HUBERT JOHN ANTONY HERVEY
YOUNGEST SON OF LORD AND LADY ALFRED HERVEY, AND GRANDSON
OF FREDERICK WILLIAM, FIRST MARQUESS OF BRISTOL

BORN MAY 19, 1859
DIED AUGUST 6, 1896

HAVING BEEN MORTALLY WOUNDED IN ACTION, AUGUST 5, IN THE MATOPPO
HILLS, WHILE GALLANTLY SERVING AS A VOLUNTEER IN THE MATABELE WAR,

HIS DEEPLY-SORROWING BROTHERS, SISTER AND
SISTER-IN-LAW ERECTED THIS CROSS.

‘LORD, WHO SHALL DWELL IN THY TABERNACLE, OR WHO SHALL RISE UP
IN THY HOLY HILL? EVEN HE THAT LEADETH AN UNCORRUPT LIFE, AND
DOETH THE THING THAT IS RIGHT, AND SPEAKETH THE TRUTH FROM HIS
HEART.’—PSALM XV. 1, 2.

‘LOOKING FOR THAT BLESSED HOPE, THE GLORIOUS APPEARING OF THE
GREAT GOD AND OUR SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.’—TITUS ii. 13.

It would be impossible here to do more than briefly mention the mass of tributes to his noble qualities received by his relations from every quarter. The London Board of the British South Africa Company sent their official condolence to his family. Two letters which I am permitted to reproduce may here stand in the place of many; all of which express in varying terms the same appreciation and the same regret.

FROM DR. JAMESON TO LORD GREY.

‘Looking back on the three years of my close and uninterrupted friendship with Hervey, from his first arrival in Mashonaland in 1892 till my finally leaving the country at the end of 1895, I can truly say that I have never come across a more loyal and unselfish soul, and that no one could have had a more untiring and devoted colleague than I had in Hervey. It would be superfluous for me to recapitulate what you and his friends, George Grey and Coryndon, have already put on record; but I would especially like to emphasize your account of his unselfish and self-sacrificing action during the troubles of 1893, and the value I attached to his action at that time: an action which I don't think is too highly estimated when considered as one of the main factors in the success of the expedition.

‘It was no doubt that same spirit of enthusiasm and self-sacrifice which led to his sad death in 1896: an ending so sadly deplored by every one, except poor Hervey himself.’

FROM LORD LOCH TO CANON HERVEY.

44 ELM PARK GARDENS, S.W.

August 9, 1896.

‘DEAR MR. HERVEY,

‘Will you allow me to write you a few lines to express my very deep regret at the death of your gallant and very able brother. I had the pleasure of seeing a good deal of him, and knew the very good service and excellent example he had done and shown from the very commencement of the first Matabele war: and can appreciate the very great loss he will be, not only to the Company he served, but to the larger interests connected with the extension of civilization in those distant countries.

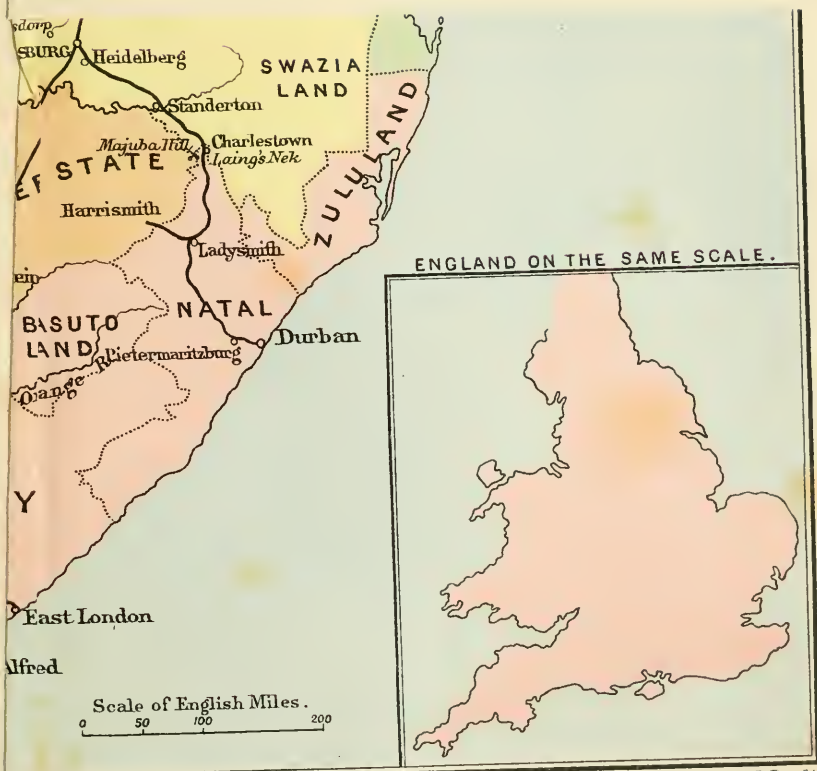
‘Will you allow me to join Lady Loch’s name with mine in the expression of sympathy for you and his family that we feel, at this early termination of what would have been, I believe, had he lived, a great career.

‘Believe me,

‘Yours very truly,

‘LOCH.’

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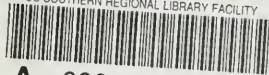
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